ATTACK NOW *Statements by Reid Robinson, Louis Bromfield, A. T. Hrdlicka, Rep. A. J. Sabath, Franz Boas, Carey McWilliams and others.*

NEW MASSES

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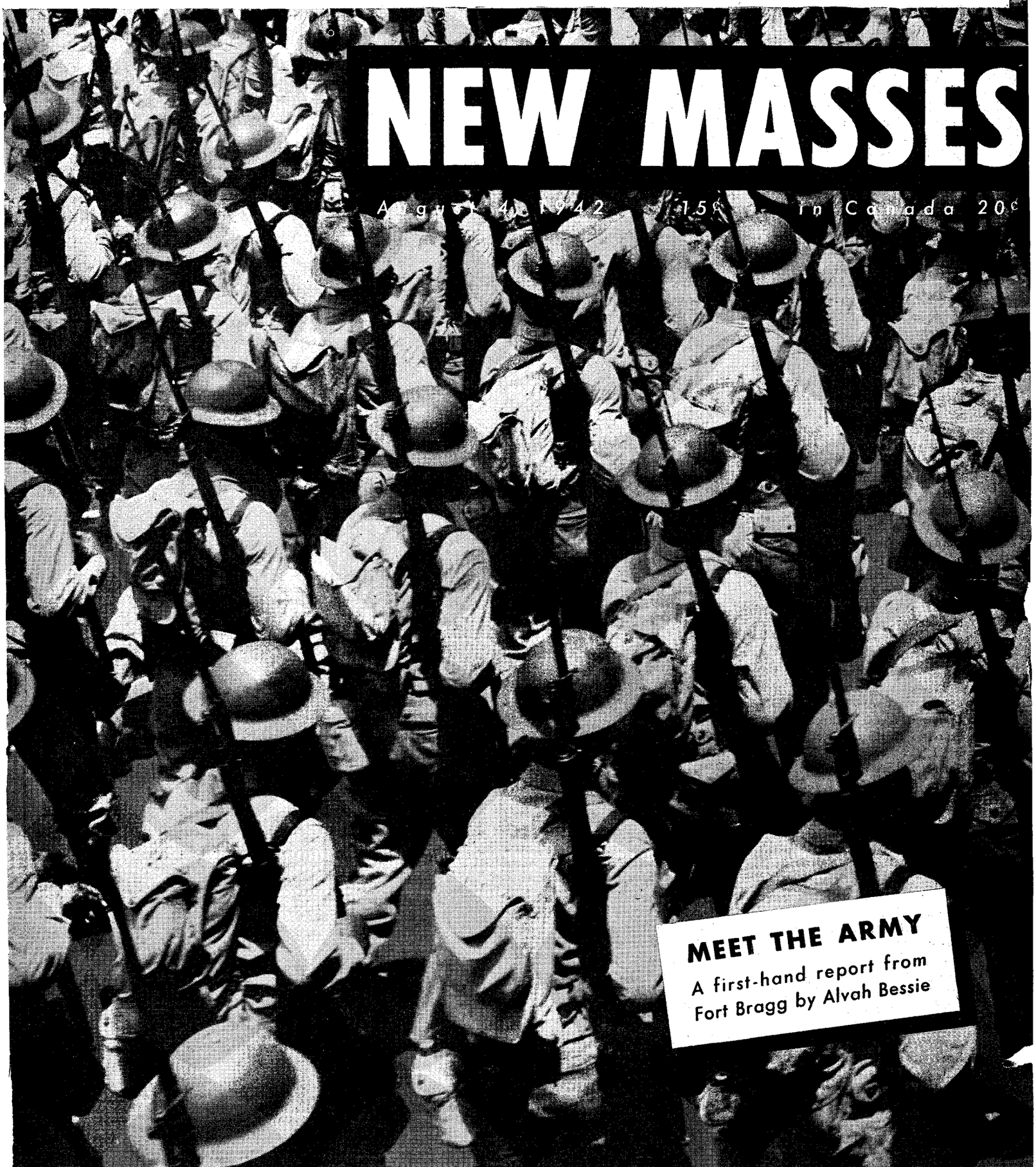

MEET THE ARMY
A first-hand report from Fort Bragg by Alvah Bessie

Also In This Issue: *Dmitri Shostakovich, Claude Cockburn, Richard O. Boyer, Bruce Minton, Hans Marchwitza, Josef Hanc, William Gropper, Elliott Grennard*

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

WE DON'T know just how many people in America read *The Little Golden Calf* by Eugene Petrov and Ilya Ilf, but we're beginning to get an idea—and a still better idea of what sort of impression the book left with them. For, ever since the news reached this country that Eugene Petrov had been killed at Sevastopol (we published his last dispatch from that besieged city in the July 21 issue), we have had letters about him, some from people who met him when he visited America in 1935 and all from people who read his and Ilf's famous satire. One correspondent, from New York City, says:

"Reading over Samuel Sillen's article, 'The Life and Death of Petrov,' I stopped to reminisce between paragraphs. You could say there was very little to reminisce about. Because for me to declare, 'I knew Petrov' would be exaggeration to the point of bragging. The truth is I met him, and by a lucky chance, but was in his company no more than a few minutes and did not get to exchange more than a few rather conventional words with him. There were several other people present and I watched him with them. Yet even in that brief meeting I saw him in a way that I shan't ever forget. He was terrifically alive—quiet, modest, and all that, but somehow making you feel his warmth and humor and gaiety, even the essential seriousness from which the warmth and gaiety came. Later I read *The Little Golden Calf* and found all those qualities expressed in the most delightful satire I have ever read. Thanks for Samuel Sillen's tribute. I felt that it was a fine job, and I am very exacting about the sort of job that should be done when it comes to Eugene Petrov. His death, like his life, is an inspiration to all of us."

Another Petrov admirer sent a note: "Quoting Margaret Bourke-White's telegram to NM: 'The qualities of the indomitable Russian people were reflected in the man Petrov.' I can't add anything to that; to me it is his epitaph and the one that he would have liked best of all the eulogies written since his death."

There are other letters about Petrov, but our mailbag has been spilling over, well out of the bounds of Readers Forum, and it is only fair that we print some here that will tell you a little of what our readers have to say concerning NM. At that we can only give excerpts or summaries. On our Independence Day issue a Chicagoan complains mildly about a "rather academic, archivey tone to some of the contents" but appreciates the "linking of 1776 with 1942, as you did it in the editorial and in other features—which is a link that should always be pointed out." There were several compliments for the section on China, in the same issue. Three correspondents agree that Claude Cockburn's more recent cables reveal (to quote one of them), an added quality of *fullness* in reporting, with more significant detail, that I prefer to the often briefer, more 'analytical' cables that came before—though the analysis and interpretation haven't been at all weakened by this added quality; quite the contrary, in fact." And a Philadelphia reader requests further articles by Anatol Huss, who appeared in NM for the first time with a piece entitled "It's a Bluff, says Goebbels" (July 21 issue). Colonel T.'s fan mail shows no signs of falling off. Nor does Ruth McKenney's, whose "Spain Eternal" has brought some eloquent letters of appreciation. The short story that got the highest grade from our readers for the past two months was one from the Soviet Union—"Party Book," by Wanda Wassilevskaya, published in our July 14 issue.

WE TOOK a little time out last week to celebrate an addition to the NM family—Theodore Blosser, five days old at this writing; weight, seven pounds. The happy mamma is Beatrice Blosser, who has been NM's head bookkeeper for the past six and a half years.

FROM Maine to the Carolinas, NM staff members who go on vacation have encountered constant readers at camps and summer hotels; and whether we catch them in the act of swimming or playing tennis, reading or knitting, they interrupt their activities to inquire after the health of their magazine. Their interest, however, does not stop there. For, knowing what our financial problems are, particularly in these difficult summer days, our friends have turned part of their vacation to good use. The sums received include fifty dollars from Camp Followers of the Trail, Buchanan, N. Y.; sixty dollars from the summer colony at Free Acres, N. J.; fifty-six dollars from the IWO Lodge in Jacksonville, Fla. A cocktail party arranged by our friends in St. Louis, Mo., resulted in fifty-seven dollars. The people who raise such sums assure us that it isn't very difficult, and that doing it via the party method is actually fun. Which doesn't make us any less grateful for their efforts, and certainly no less appreciative of the results—for every one of those dollars is a help these days. If you are planning to visit a resort soon and want to organize a party for NM, please write us for suggestions. We shall be more than glad to give you all the help possible.

The Seventh Cross, by Anna Seghers, published by Little Brown, is one of two Book-of-the-Month selections for October. The novel deals with escape from a Nazi concentration camp. NM readers will recall Miss Seghers' short story "Shelter," which appeared in the March 3 issue. Sharing October Book Club honors is "They Were Expendible," by W. L. White, a story of the tragic epic of the Philippines and General MacArthur's escape as told by members of the heroic M. T. B. Squadron.

Who's Who

TOM CULLEN is a free lance newspaperman on the West Coast. . . . Richard O. Boyer was formerly *PM's* correspondent in Germany and on the staff of *US Week.* . . . Reviews by Sally Alford and Herbert Aptheker have previously appeared in NM. . . . John Burns is an expert on Far Eastern military affairs. . . . Elliott Grennard has written a number of critical articles on music.

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Throw it NOW!

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THE VOICE OF MILLIONS

An Editorial

THE contrast between the utter seriousness of the military situation and the continued delay over the second front is now agonizing for all to see. Soviet resistance has reached its fury peak, but whether the Nazis can be held on the line of the Don is not yet assured, whether anything will come of Soviet initiative at Voronezh and the intimations of a flanking movement at Bryansk remains to be seen. And in the West, there was only the bombing of German railway centers, as at Duisburg and Hamburg, to relieve the silence.

The atmosphere is more oppressive than ever. Never has there been such a gaping contrast between the overwhelming desire of the people for decisive action and the contradictory, confusing declarations from leading figures.

WHAT a spectacle this is! In New York's Madison Square and in London's Trafalgar Square, the instinctive understanding of the people has written its verdict in bold letters. Whatever the sacrifices, not for Russia's sake, but for our own future, the front must be opened. And not New York and London, but all of England and America: the huge British Miners Federation is on record, 4,000,000 of the 6,000,000 British working men have passed resolutions; in this country, one union after another, one newspaper after another, men like Charlie Chaplin and men like Claude Pepper, have voiced the undeniable demand for a decisive, wholehearted, smashing blow at the enemy.

England expresses clearly what America now realizes: that if we cannot smash fifty of Hitler's third rate divisions in France while the rest of the Nazi hordes are tied or held on the Don, then how on earth can we ever expect to deal with 300 Nazi divisions next spring when the Russians have been pushed back to the Volga?

And not the Communists alone say this: indeed, how pitiful and disgusting that correspondents of such a realistic newspaper as the New York *Times* should still try to make it appear that the second front demand comes from narrow circles. Eduard Benes, leader of the Czechoslovaks, Arturo Toscanini, Sen. Claude Pepper, Will Lawther of the Miners Federation—are they Communists also? and the verdict of the Gallup Poll, is that also to be denied? How fruitless and utterly suicidal even to insinuate that the demand of the widest masses is not valid because the Communists also express this demand fearlessly and with a ruthless conscientiousness at this turning point for all mankind.

AND then, on the other side, we have had only an abysmal confusion of conflicting declarations, a vacillation in high quarters which is simply opening the door to the ever bolder, more arrogant forces of the fifth column. For example, only the confusions and evasions of leading public figures enabled Roy Howard's press to discover last week that bombing of Germany from the air will substitute for a land front—and this, after the British, who know best, are disgusted with the effects of the Cologne bombardment, this after our own troops in ever increasing numbers have landed in north Ireland and England.

One day the British War Minister, Sir Edward Grigg, tells us the government is pledged to a second front, but won't reveal its date; the next day another Cabinet Minister, Ernest Bevin, tells us that even to demand a second front is to confuse the public and play into Hitler's hands. Whereas the truth is that it is *precisely the contradiction between Bevin and Grigg that confuses people,* and not only plays into Hitler's hands but *makes him rub his bloody claws in satisfaction.*

THE war is in its crisis. It is the crisis of our country's cause. What the people want are not military secrets, not the date and place of the invasion, but a clear assurance from all responsible figures that the government's pledge of June 11 shall be kept, and kept in time. No, this is not a question to be left to military men for decision. The issue has been decided between governments. It is a political decision which the masses have ratified. It is for military men to carry it out, and it is for our highest statesmen to cut through the confusion, to give the assurance that the decision is to be carried out—within this summer.

FROM now and for weeks to come the people must make their voices heard. Letters to the President, endorsing his June 11 agreement, wires, meetings, resolutions from every organization, rededication to whatever sacrifices the second front demands—this becomes the essential process of living democracy.

Against all delay, sabotage, confusing counsels from sinister forces, against timidity when great issues are at stake—the unhesitating voice of the millions must and shall prevail.

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Attack Now

Statements to New Masses from Prominent Americans

Reid Robinson

(President, Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers Union; Vice-President CIO)

WE MUST cease to regard the opening of a western land front in Europe as merely a moral obligation to the heroic Soviet people. American democracy is in danger and it is matter of pure self-preservation to strike at Hitler's rear while he is engaged in the titanic struggle with the Red Army. The support of President Roosevelt's agreement to open the Western Front must take the form of a tidal wave of working class determination to win the war now. Only by opening the Western Front immediately can we guarantee that this war will not drag on interminably and bring in its wake the evils of war weariness and famine which are rich soil for fascism. Contrary to the prevalent campaign in certain sections of the press, aerial bombings of cities do not achieve large scale destruction of military equipment and manpower. Beginning with the fascist bombing of Barcelona, this fact has become crystal clear as the second world war progresses. A second land front, on the other hand, would achieve the military objective of diverting large Nazi forces from the Eastern Front and make it possible for the Red Army to launch a victorious counter-attack at the same time that Hitler is being hit from the rear.

The logic of Roosevelt and Molotov is simple. It is so simple and easily understood that to delay another day is criminal neglect of America's own national interests. Our slogan is "Open a Western Land Front Now."

Rep. A. J. Sabath, Ill.

I AM fully in accord with those advocating another front in Europe, feeling that Russia in view of its heroic fight is entitled to every conceivable aid and support that the United Nations can give.

Franz Boas

(World Famous Anthropologist)

CONDITIONS in Russia seem so serious that it is necessary for the Allied nations to be willing to take serious risks in order to relieve pressure on the Eastern Front. Unfortunately hesitation in the command of Allied strategy has not given us full confidence. Too often have we seen that action was taken too late. The impression prevails that there are still too many who hinder a full effort because they are reluctant to give full support to Russia, our most powerful ally, who has also suffered most. There are others who are willing to let political or economic interests interfere with the full support of the war. These are found not only among the people at large, but also in administrative departments and in Congress. Their influence must be ruthlessly eliminated and every effort must be made to have these members of Congress defeated in the coming election.

I am not able to tell whether the risk of opening a front in western Europe is so serious that military men consider it as a hopeless undertaking to give relief to Russia in this way. But it seems to me that risks that are not foredoomed to be hopeless or ineffective must be taken.

Joseph P. Selly

(President, American Communications Association, CIO)

IT IS more than thirteen months since the Nazi invasion of the Soviet Union, almost two months since the Roosevelt-Molotov agreement on the necessity for a second front, and more than one month since the Roosevelt-Churchill statement promising the creation of a major diversion against Hitler. It is time to point out that in all these critical months, American armies have not even come into contact with the armies of the main enemy, Hitler. It is time to demand that they do.

Every qualified military expert, from Gen. George Marshall and Chief of Supply General Brehon Somervell on through the line, has stated that the men and supplies needed for the opening of a Western Front are available. All sections of American and British labor, the men and women who will do the fighting and dying and producing, have indicated their eagerness to take immediate offensive action. The underground V-armies of conquered Europe are begging for the opportunity to rise up and help destroy their oppressors.

President Roosevelt has made a public commitment to the Soviet people on behalf of the American people. What are we waiting for? The American people have always kept their pledges. They are determined to keep this one.

While we delay, the blood of 5,000,000 Russians has been spilled in our behalf. Outmanned and out-gunned, the Soviet soldiers, their old men and women, their children, are fighting for every inch of ground with a bravery and selflessness unmatched in the world's military annals. They have given the rest of the free world an opportunity that must be seized today before it slips away.

Labor is sick and tired of talk of a three-year war, a five-year war, a ten-year war. Labor knows that this war can be lost if we wait for Hitler to open *his* second front. Labor also knows that this war can be won now, with a minimum of suffering and a minimum loss of human life, if we open *our* second front.

Labor therefore insists that the governments of the United States and England immediately sweep aside the treacherous arguments of the pro-fascists and carry out their pledge of an armed invasion of the continent of Europe. Labor will accept no further delay and no substitutes. Bombardments of German cities, increased supplies to the Red Army, and similar steps are useful adjunct to an invasion. They are not and cannot be substitutes for a genuine second front.

Rev. Joseph F. Fletcher

(Dean of School of Applied Religion, Cincinnati, O.)

THE Soviet Union must not be left to fight alone any longer. The danger is too great. The citizens' conviction must be voiced. An alliance with Russia against Nazism means an alliance to fight. I see no excuse for not establishing a second front while we still have an ally and a first front. This is Armageddon. Cries of "Risk" from the half-hearted are a moral offense to those who struggle at all costs. We promised a second front. Is our word, like Hitler's, no longer our bond?

Carl Bricken

(Dean of University of Wisconsin, School of Music)

I FEEL as do many others that the second front is imperative now. Delay seems not only too costly, but incomprehensible.

A. T. Hrdlicka

(Curator, US National Museum)

THE best that can be done, in my opinion, is to urge proper authorities to give most earnest consideration to the whole question. Only military and naval experts can and should decide. But their decision will be strengthened and speeded if they know that great and considerate weight of public will and support are behind them.

(Continued on page 21)

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THE WEEK in LONDON by CLAUDE COCKBUR

MADISON TO TRAFALGAR SQUARE

Throughout the embattled island, from every industrial area, come resolutions to Downing Street demanding an offensive now. The effect of the New York demonstration on Britain's workers

London (by cable)

LOUDER and louder there is being heard in Downing Street the demand of the British people for the opening of the second front. The situation has reached a point where if the public were to be convinced that there was anyone within or without the present government more determined than Churchill to implement immediately the pledge to open the second front, the country would not be daunted by the implications of that conviction.

In the course of the past week some of the greatest trade unions in Britain have declared themselves. There was, for example the unanimous decision of the Electrical Trades Union Conference representing 100,000 key men in armaments and shipbuilding. The Executive Council of the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen —the principal railroad union, along with the National Union of Railwaymen—last week resolved to "instruct the General Secretary to inform the General Council of the Trades Union Congress and the Secretary of the Labor Party of the views of our Society and request them to use the maximum efforts to bring about the immediate opening of the second front and to use their position as the leadership of our movement to rally all progressive forces in this country to ensure complete and unqualified cooperation in the drive to a speedy defeat of the fascist forces." From the area covered by the South Wales Miners' Federation have been telegraphed within the last few days no less than seventy resolutions to the Prime Minister urging immediate action.

THESE are only selected instances of the great wave of anxiety, agitation, and determination sweeping the country. They could be multiplied thousands of times. If we turn from the main industrial areas of the old Britain to the new factories springing up in what were formerly rural or mainly rural areas, we get the same picture. For instance, in the postman's bag to Downing Street a few days ago were 2,000 postcards sent from just four factories in the South Midlands, calling for the second front. In Oxford workers paraded through the city, carrying banners and posters demanding the second front, in Swindon similar crowds demonstrated in the streets. Possibly of still greater significance were developments in the Tyneside area, where wives and other dependents of serving soldiers got together in a big deputation to the mayor and the local member of Parliament declaring their belief in immediate action. In Newcastle there has been going on for some weeks a local demand for the raising of soldiers' pay and allowances for dependents. This week the same people who had been leading this movement with great success asked those who had been supporting the pay and allowances demands what was their attitude on the second front. Without exception these people of Newcastle declared themselves in favor.

In fact, the demand for the opening of the second front has, within the past week, reached enormous and dynamic proportions. It has been voiced alike from great trade union conferences and by meetings of workers outside factory gates and in the streets of such cities as Coventry. Here thousands of people who first experienced the full force of the German blitz are meeting almost hourly to pass resolutions, both pledging their own intensive labor for the support of an immediate attack and calling upon the government to understand the urgency of the situation.

LONDONERS read with enthusiasm the cable sent from the New York rally in Madison Square greeting the Trafalgar Square demonstration for the same purpose Sunday, July 26. The call for this London demonstration had been spread throughout the factories and other industrial enterprises of the entire Greater London area. At a moment when Londoners are becoming increasingly familiar with the development of the American war effort and the presence of American fighting forces in Britain, this word from New York was an inspiring denial of all faint-hearted rumors—carefully fostered by the defeatists and fifth columnists of every kind—to the effect that "The Americans want to wait until 1943."

These poisonous rumors have been circulated during the past week. It has been even suggested that there are American influences at work to halt the opening of the second front until such time as the American military leaders are in a position to claim full command of the Allied forces in the west, and the parallel of Pershing in the winter of 1917-18 is being recalled. The rally in New York and the fact that it was addressed by at least two senators believed here to be "close to" the President [the two Senators who spoke are Mead of New York and Pepper of Florida], it was hoped would scotch talk of this kind and increase the solidarity between British and American opinion.

WITH regard to what Britain hopes of America in the speeding of the opening of the second front, it is of course impossible to discuss in detail, since this would involve discussion of military matters or else degenerate into near speculation of the least informed kind. However, it can be said that the British people, in and out of uniform, have for months been conscious of the strength and ability of their own armies and the capacity of their own factories. They have been fully aware of the superior fighting calibre of their own machines and the gigantic achievements of their own organizational power as evidenced in, for example, the battle of Britain and the rally of the supposedly beaten and allegedly demoralized Eighth Army in Egypt. Now they have concrete evidence that these forces which for months have been panting to go from their training grounds in Britain, have been gigantically reinforced by American soldiers and equipment. They believe and they share their belief with the American forces in Britain that now is the time and that they are the people to take advantage of it shoulder to shoulder.

A few months ago there was a general belief that the recent visit of US General Marshall was a sign that the American High Command was determined to expedite the offensive in the West, and indeed this belief was at that time strengthened by many newspaper reports. There has been a rather long lull in the West since those days. It would be foolish to deny that people here are impatient and suspicious—often perhaps unduly suspicious—of every hint suggesting that for one reason or another these or those influences are at work to delay the opening of the attack.

People here, on the other hand, read with the greatest satisfaction every indication from the American side of both the determined drive of the American people to insist on the earliest opening of the second front, and of the sacrifices undertaken by American workers in order that every ounce of the titanic American power should be available for the great punch. It would be of use if there were more information on this subject available here. For example, it was with interest and astonishment that people here read news items describing the interyard competitions between American shipyard workers, and the distribution of achievement badges to workers in shipyards. This item threw a sudden new light on the whole American effort and there must be innumerable other lights that could usefully be turned on to our advantage.

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WE'VE GOT THE SHIPS

Shipbuilding must be increased, but there are now enough transports to bridge the way to that second front. How the construction of large freight planes can cut down losses at sea.

Washington.

IN DISCUSSIONS about the ability of Great Britain and the United States to take the offensive against the Nazis at this fateful moment, much is said about shipping. Naturally the appeasers would stop at nothing to prevent the launching of a European front. And there are also many confused, or hesitant, or timid, who plead lack of vessels for the transport of war materiel and men. Typical are the doubts raised by such journals as the New York *Times*. "The principal reason behind the hesitation was believed to be the shortage of shipping," the *Times* declared. "There were those who claimed that the Western democracies, already hard-pressed, could not afford the losses that an invasion army in Europe would entail." But on examination, this excuse turns out to have no validity. The ships are ready.

Experts in Washington put the questions this way: Granted that the second front must be opened now, the problem boils down to one factor alone—are we prepared to transport the machines and soldiers to Europe? The question cannot be viewed from the standpoint of whether we have at our disposal *all* the ships we could possibly hope for under the most ideal circumstances. History does not wait for the "ideal" moment. During the Civil War General McClellan procrastinated, delaying offensive action in the hope of getting more manpower, more guns and horses, though his army was overwhelmingly superior to the enemy's. Today procrastination can mean disaster. We cannot, as Ambassador Litvinov remarked, fight this year's battles with next year's weapons.

Since reporting in these columns (NEW MASSES, May 5) on ships for a second front, the situation has shifted increasingly in favor of the Allies. Here is the picture:

1. Sinkings in the Atlantic remain tragically high. But the Navy has finally put into practice the methods suggested by the maritime unions. Small craft now patrol the coastal sea lanes. The Navy has begun to requisition fishing boats and to use them as patrols. Already sinkings in coastal waters have dropped. As the patrol becomes more efficient and more widespread, submarine tolls can be reduced still farther, and more ships freed for the Atlantic run.

2. Of great significance in the race to cut down losses at sea is the plan suggested by Henry Kaiser to build a fleet of transport airplanes. A large section of administration people, particularly the younger men, are enthusiastically approving. Union members with whom I talked have welcomed the proposal eagerly and urge that it be acted upon without delay. Particularly have those unionists with knowledge of shipping supported the plan, pointing out that transport planes will ease the shipping burden within the next six or eight months, which offers further reason for utilizing all available shipping now at hand to launch a second front.

Inside a huge transport plane carrying marines, a midget car, and an anti-tank gun. More and more of these planes will ease the shipping burden.

Moreover, up at the CIO Maritime Commission they point out that Kaiser has accomplished wonders in shipbuilding; that he has shown practical ingenuity and imagination in getting out war production (for example, his success in converting cargo ships to airplane carriers, cutting down by one-tenth the time needed to build the usual carrier); that he has a record for achievement in the war effort unequalled by any other industrialist; that he has never promised anything without knowing that he could deliver on his promise.

The unionists point out that planes do not obviate the need for as many vessels as can possibly be built. But planes can transport many cargoes otherwise requiring a large amount of shipping space. Planes would be ideal for the transportation of men. Planes would speed transportation of vital materiel to the front, thereby increasing the striking power of the Allied armies. And planes would take less material to manufacture than ships. The yards already operating can more than meet shipping schedules even though the few yards necessary are turned over to the building of planes. Kaiser points out—and there is no reason to challenge his claim—that no great problem of conversion presents itself since tools already at hand can be used for most of the work in manufacturing the transports. Moreover, a cut in losses at sea through the use of planes means saving cargoes as well as precious materials.

While union men welcome the Kaiser plan, they warn that this important proposal will in all probability meet with brass-hat opposition. The more push given the plan from the start, the greater hope there is that it will be adopted speedily.

3. Shipbuilding rapidly approaches the President's high schedule. On July 1 Rear Admiral Howard L. Vickery, vice-chairman of the US Maritime Commission, reported that sixty-six new cargo ships and tankers had been put into service during the month of June. "The records of June were made possible through the cooperative efforts of shipyard labor and management," declared Admiral Vickery. "I am confident that the remaining ships required to carry out President Roosevelt's directive of 8,000,000 deadweight tons for the entire year will be built if there is a steady flow of steel and other materials in the required amounts."

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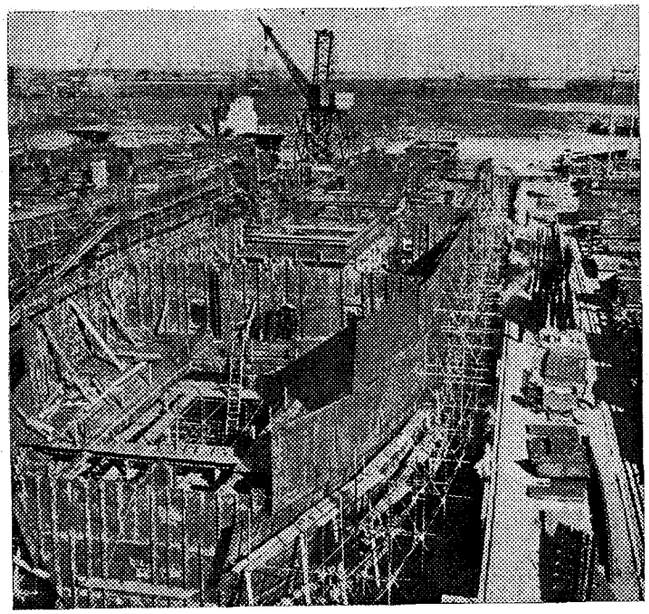

A prefabricated cargo boat being put together. The parts and sections lie alongside. Extensive use of such methods helps overcome shipping losses.

Sinkings, of course, still outnumber launchings. But this proportion can be rapidly altered through the Kaiser plan, and through increased patrols plus the ever-rising output of new ships. Yet Admiral Vickery's legitimate complaint that "I have no assurance we can get enough steel next year to keep all the yards operating at peak production levels," requires immediate corrective action. Pres. Philip Murray of the CIO has already denounced the failure of giant steel companies to comprehend the need for continued maximum production. The failure to accumulate large enough scrap and steel stockpiles threatens this winter to cut down output to eighty percent of capacity. The responsibility for this inadequacy, Mr. Murray charges, rests with the WPB, the OPA, and the Bureau of Industrial Conservation. For, according to the trade journal, *Steel,* "Everyone who has studied the problem knows that there is enough potential scrap in the country to meet 1942 requirements." Mr. Murray has requested the WPB to call a conference at which representatives of small and large steel firms can discuss with the spokesmen for the United Steel Workers of America ways and means of bringing in the scrap. Moreover, Mr. Murray urges that subcontracting be expanded "to speed up the armor plate production program by at least six months." Such steps can guarantee replacement of shipping losses as well as an increased merchant marine capacity to be used to maintain a Western Front.

4. Vessels are being removed from wasteful runs. The largest United Fruit refrigerator freighters—about forty in all—have been transferred from the South American banana run to military service. More and more, boats which formerly carried cargoes of no value to the war effort have been diverted to essential runs and essential cargoes.

5. The number of ships supplying a second front can be swelled by utilizing vessels now on other runs. Today a great many ships ply back and forth to South America. Without doubt the trade in which these ships are engaged is essential to Latin American economy. Without doubt the withdrawal of these ships would impose a heavy burden on our neighbors to the South. Moreover, the warning is heard that to restrict trade would give encouragement to fifth column and Axis agents in the South American republics. But countering these objections is the even stronger argument that the hardships which the people of South America undoubtedly would undergo should the United States withdraw most of its shipping for a period of three or four months for the purpose of launching a Western Front, would be far less harsh than the suffering these countries and their people would undergo if the second front is not opened. The fifth column and the Axis agents will receive a mortal blow with the smashing of Hitlerism in Europe—and this can be accomplished only by an Allied offensive from the West. The quicker this blow is delivered, the quicker the economy of Latin America will revive and the speedier the people's suffering everywhere will be relieved.

6. The most convincing proof of the availability of shipping is offered by CIO Maritime Commission in Washington. Today, union spokesmen insist, at least half of our shipping is engaged in supplying the Libyan front and the Near East. The route to the Red Sea is long and dangerous:

New York to Aden, Red Sea (via Cape of Good Hope)	approx.	10,853	nautical	miles
London to Aden (via Cape of Good Hope)	"	10,255	"	"
San Francisco to Aden (via Australia)	"	13,166	"	"
New York to London	"	3,370	"	"

The distances involved in supplying a European front are trivial in comparison with the thousands of miles that must be covered to reach the Near East. A ship can make three trips from the East Coast to England in the time it takes a boat to go from New York or London to the Red Sea. In other words, the available tonnage for a Western Front is triple the tonnage that can be used in supplying the Near East. It is generally acknowledged that the present Libyan front, vital as it is, will become of secondary importance once the Allies establish a bridgehead in Europe. The present traffic to the Red Sea could be cut to a minimum once a European front exists.

At the present time Great Britain must transfer supplies and men great distances. But a Western Front merely demands transportation from the main British base across a few miles of water. For this, anything that floats can be put into service —barges, tow boats, rafts, ferries, in fact every type of conveyance that will stay above water. The transfer of materiel and men from the main base to the theater of war would require only a few hours, at most a few days. British craft now taking four to six months to make the long run around the Cape of Good Hope could carry three to five times as much cargo if they traveled back and forth to the US East Coast, thirty to forty times as much tonnage in the same time if they were used between England and the mainland.

7. Tying up of ships in harbor because they lacked licensed radio operators has been largely overcome. Discriminatory practices which blacklisted radio operators because of union affiliation and which thereby caused a shortage of licensed men for the merchant marine has diminished and boats are no longer delayed. This bottleneck is rapidly being eliminated.

I DO not mean to give the false impression that the shipping situation leaves nothing to be desired. This would be highly inaccurate. Shipbuilding must be increased, and the steel necessary for production must be forthcoming. Speed in loading and unloading on the East Coast has still to be raised to the efficient standard achieved on the West Coast by the International Longshoremen and Warehousemen under the leadership of Harry Bridges. More and more men must be trained for the merchant marine. Increased patrols of small craft would cut down submarine losses along coastal routes. Many ships owned by private companies could be used to greater advantage—certainly huge cargoes of beer shipped last month to Puerto Rico can be dispensed with during the war emergency. But despite laxities and abuses, despite the need ever to improve our shipping effort, sufficient vessels can now be gathered to open and to keep open a western European front. It means concentrating every available ship for the main effort. It means using our shipping capacity to the full effect until the United Nations crush the Axis completely and finally.

BRUCE MINTON.

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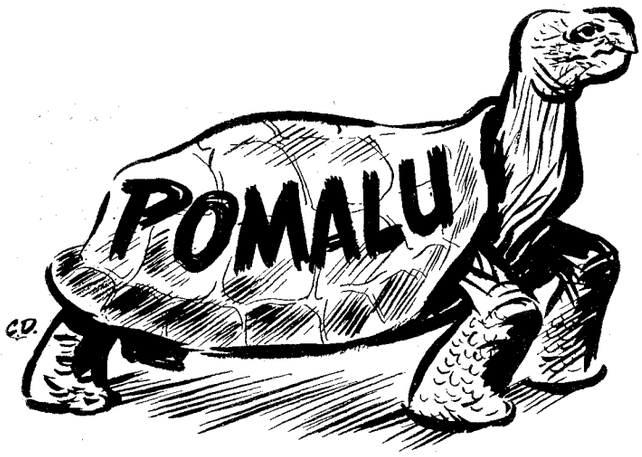

"Pomalu"—work slowly, slowly—is the word Czech workers use to disrupt production in Nazi-run factories.

MY PEOPLE ARE WAITING

Josef Hanc, a member of the Czechoslovak Foreign Service and author of the recently published "Tornado Across Eastern Europe," tells why only a second front can bring Hitler's doom.

FROM the point of view of the occupied nations, the second front in Europe is long overdue. Every day of procrastination means more hostages facing the Nazi firing squads from Norway to the Balkans and from France to the Ukraine. The ultimate success of the second front and of the war itself will depend in a substantial measure upon the existence and active support on the part of the masses who are now bleeding on the home fronts. The longer the day of invasion of Europe is delayed the thinner will be the ranks of the patriots who today are dying as martyrs, but could fight tomorrow as rightful avengers.

Let us have no illusion as to the limits to which the fascists and Nazis will go in physically eliminating their foe and our friend on the inner European front. To this day they have murdered over 500,000 able-bodied men and women. They have reduced to mental and physical wrecks hundreds of thousands of victims in the concentration camps and ghettos. Three million Poles, Frenchmen, Russians, Czechs, Dutch, and other peoples are toiling in Germany under the Nazi whip as forced laborers.

The Nazi leaders have publicly boasted that should they go down, all Europe would go down with them. Goebbels is known to have repeated his threat that should they be forced to slam the door on Europe, they would slam it with a bang the world would never forget. When the Nazis threaten with killing, they mean just that—and more. The tempo of mass extermination such as occurred at Lidice will be speeded up as the chances of victory over the United Nations decrease.

BUT humane concern for the lives of the half-doomed Europeans is not the only factor that makes necessary an energetic preparation for the earliest possible materialization of the second front. Considerations of military strategy supply no less compelling reasons for dealing the Axis powers an organized blow through the occupied nations.

In spite of his tremendous losses in the Soviet Union, Hitler is still the master over a formidable army engaged not only in war, but in production. He still has at his disposal 200,000,000 non-Germans working and sweating for his war machine. Half-hearted, slowing down, and inefficient though this forced collaboration may be, it nevertheless keeps the wheels of the factories rolling. Potential arsenals of the freedom-loving peoples continue to serve as the arsenals of the aggressors.

Nothing else than a second military front can change this situation. The problem created by the bottleneck in the transportation of manpower and war materials from overseas can and will be solved to a considerable extent right in Europe. The hands which today are chained to Nazi tools will fight and work with trebled energy for and with the United Nations once they can rely on friendly support. The armies of invasion will be swelled by the friendly underground movements of the inner front. In fact, this inner front may become one of the principal sources of supplies of manpower for the United Nations provided they act, strike swiftly and effectively, leaving Hitler no chance of weakening his enemies at home before they rise in open revolt.

ONE would like to be assured that all these considerations have been properly weighed within the grand and the detailed strategy of the United Nations. The second front as it is visualized and eagerly awaited by the occupied peoples includes not only the traditional firing line along which the opposing armies try to concentrate superior weapons for advance or defense. It also takes the form of as many as possible lightning offensive actions deep in the rear of the enemy, in the focal strategic places, and particularly within the regions where friendly native populations, well acquainted with local conditions, will carry out the vanguard and scouting operations. Air-borne combat forces descending with unparallelled suddenness upon the most vulnerable points throughout all Europe will be an essential part of the second front.

In other words, the second front must automatically take in most of Europe. It will provide a thousand and one opportunities for the display of acts of daring, quick decision, and sustained precision such as can only be gauged by the examples of Soviet guerrilla warfare.

The second front, if started in a truly offensive spirit and under resolute and united leadership, will put all Europe aflame. It will reveal countless heroes eager to exchange the hitherto practiced passive resistance for open struggle. The avenging nemesis will be the constant invisible comrade-in-arms of the British, American, and other United Nations' armies.

Without the assistance of these enslaved but unconquered millions, the second front hardly becomes what it must be, namely the final stage of the world revolution which the peace and freedom-loving nations are carrying out against fascism and Nazism.

This aspect of the second front should never be lost sight of. Fascism, Hitlerism, Prussianism, the Quislings, the Lavals, the Magyar and other feudalists and puppet rulers can only be wiped out by the people whom they have betrayed and upon whom they have inflicted the horrors of privations and war.

It is in the light of this revolt of offended humanity, ignited and sustained by the establishment of the second front, that the war assumes a people's character, that it becomes the war of the common man. For it is only after Europe has been cleansed of all that is unsavory that the new world order can be erected in which men will secure a chance to live as human beings.

JOSEF HANC.

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MEET THE ARMY

These are the men and this is the way they are being trained for the big battles ahead. Alvah Bessie's first report on his trip to mammoth Fort Bragg.

You can get a vague idea of the scope of Fort Bragg when you know it's the third largest city in North Carolina. Its buildings cover an area well over 100,000 acres. Since September 1940, when the wartime expansion of Bragg began, well over 2,739 new buildings have been erected. More than 23,500 workmen were employed on this job, earning an average daily payroll of $100,000.

Now there are over 933 barracks buildings. There are day rooms, post exchanges (the soldiers' store), recreation buildings, ten theaters, service clubs, eighteen infirmaries, six dental clinics, and three major hospitals containing almost 3,000 beds, scores of mess-halls, nine fire stations with motorized trucks, and countless sheds and garages for tools and mechanized equipment.

These figures spring to vivid life when you arrive on the reservation from Fayetteville, the nearest sizable town. You're in the sand hill section of the state, lying between the Piedmont and the coastal plain. This is low, rolling country covered with shrubbery and thick with long-leaf and loblolly pine. Every sort of terrain may be found within the confine of the reservation—swamps, hills, meadow land and forest, lakes and rivers.

But the important thing about Bragg is its men—soldiers from every state in the Union they are going to preserve; the democracy they are going to extend. This is an army of American individuals; an army of men of every national origin you can tally; and by and large the healthiest looking—and the happiest looking body of men you're likely to see.

For these are the men who are going to do the job of licking the Axis for good. They know what that job entails—as well as any man can know a job he is trained for but has not begun to practice. There is a firmness about them; a determination that registers in every face you see. These are words, I'm aware—words you may have seen written many times in circumstances to which they didn't apply; but you'll have to take my word for it that we have an army of fighting men whose weight will be felt, and is already being felt. Our allies, Great Britain, the Soviet Union, and China, will be proud of the Army of the United States.

The majority of the men at Bragg are trained soldiers. For with the exception of the men at the Artillery Replacement Center, they have received their thirteen weeks of basic training before they reach the Fort. The exact number of men at Bragg, being held for immediate transfer to any part of the fighting world front, cannot be told. But they comprise specialists in all the arms: riflemen and machine gunners, light and heavy; mortar-men, tankists and engineers; artillerymen and signal corps, and their attached units—quartermasters and headquarters men, medical officers and soldiers, reconnaissance troops and transport train. At adjacent Pope Field we're training paratroops—but their activities cannot be inspected, for information about their training is restricted—restricted to the battlefields against Hitlerism.

Every other activity at Fort Bragg is open for inspection, and the atmosphere of cordiality and friendship that you'll find among the men, between the men and their officers, is extended to visitors as well. Our government wants its citizens to know what's going on.

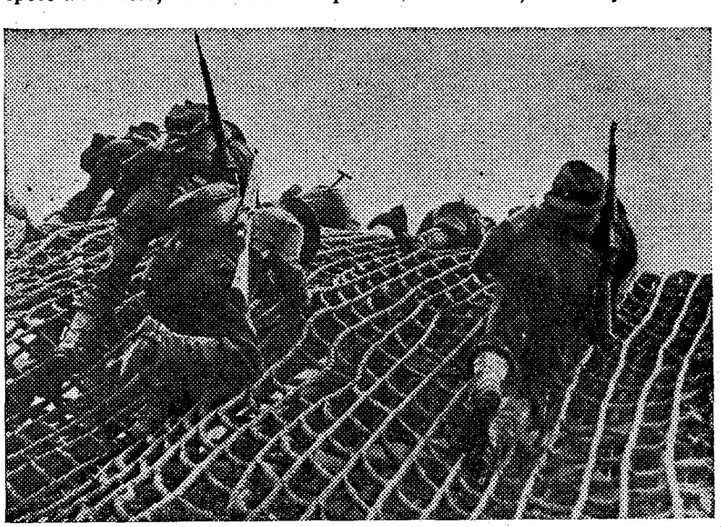
The land Bragg occupies has a miltary tradition—a revolutionary tradition. Old Yadkin Road, which runs right through the reservation, was the route of Lord Cornwallis' retreat toward Yorktown after his defeat at the hands of General Nathanael Greene. One of the last bitter engagements of the Civil War was fought on this site—between Union troops under Major General Kilpatrick and Confederates commanded by Gen. Wade Hampton. The graves of northern and southern soldiers who fell in that battle are decorated every year by northern and southern soldiers of another generation—now under a unified command and fighting for the Union that was first saved in 1865.

It is a modern, streamlined army that you'll find at Bragg—an army enjoying the benefit of training methods and comforts that would have seemed fantastic to earlier generations of soldiers. Remembering how it was in Spain during the second war for independence the Spanish people fought in 1936-39, I had a feeling of nostalgia, of envy and regret. If loyalist Spain had had the equipment I saw at Bragg; if it had had the trained cadres, the services of supply, and the possibilities of training our men are getting now—who knows? It might not have been necessary for these boys to be at Fort Bragg today.

"We call them men, here," said Lieutenant Flynn of the Field Artillery, "because they *are* men." I called them boys because they seem so young to me. They are the cream of our youth. They meet here as brothers, and in comradeship. You will hear the flat accents of Oklahoma and the other Middle Western States, the slow, slightly nasal drawl of the southland, the high-pitched Yankee twang, the unmistakable accent of Brooklyn.

The soldiers' job is tough; it lacks variety; it's monotonous—when it's not downright dangerous. These are platitudes. But these men take it in stride. It is a literal fact that they most generally have a grin on their faces—whether they're engaged in bayonet practice (on which there is much emphasis these days), whether they're slogging along on a training hike in open order, whether they're banging away at the targets with the new M-1 rifle—the Garand.

They're friendly to each other and there's a comradeship between them and their superior officers that I have not seen since Spain. The political content of this people's war has made itself felt in our army. The men are respectful to their officers—and they respect them; two different things. "You can respect an officer," one first class private said to me, "when you



Practicing landing operations from a "transport." Here soldiers are swarming down a rope net to boats which take them to the beach.

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see he treats you like a human being and isn't afraid to get down in the dirt and get his clothes mussed."

These officers I met in infantry, artillery, in public relations, and elsewhere were every one of them friendly, considerate, and interested in their fellow-men. They had none of the stuffed-shirt attitude that is erroneously associated with the phrase "an officer and a gentleman." For these are the soldiers of the people of America—their sons, their brothers, their husbands, sweethearts, friends. They don't like to be pushed around, and they don't like to push other people around. They work hard at the job of being soldiers and after hours (the day ends at five o'clock) they play hard—in camp, in Fayetteville, in the service clubs, the post exchange, the day rooms.

The service clubs are the last word in recreational facilities. I visited several, but they run to a pattern. There's a main hall surrounded by a balcony. Five hundred men can be seated for a show, or the floor can be used for dancing. There are canteens and cafeterias attached. There's a library off the balcony containing hundreds of books—classics and modern stuff, fiction, mysteries, books on military affairs. There are writing rooms, pingpong tables, billiard tables. Outdoors there are many tennis courts, baseball diamonds, ponds for swimming, and believe it or not, beer gardens!

Fort Bragg put on its regular Wednesday night broadcast while I was there—it was beamed over the Columbia Broadcasting System. The Ninth Division band gave a concert; a talented soldier named Carl Horvath played Tchaikowsky's *Piano Concerto* and, later, a medley of Viennese waltzes on the accordion. There was a master of ceremonies, a comic; there were two pretty girls from the Camel Caravan. Private Buddy Boylan was introduced—by popular vote of the men, the best entertainer in the Ninth. Buddy is a crooner after the Bing Crosby style—and his talents won him a trip to New York, where he appeared on Tommy Dorsey's program.

THE prices the soldier pays for services out of the line of the army's regulation issue (which is free), are reasonable in the extreme. I had a good lunch of steak and French fried potatoes and iced tea in one of the service clubs for forty cents. I had chicken on toast, peas, rice, ice cream, and iced tea in the officers' mess for fifty cents. The movies, which play twice nightly, cost twenty cents—and the ten houses seat over 1,000 men apiece. I saw two pictures while I was there—Albert Maltz' adaptation of Graham Greene's novel—*This Gun for Hire,* and *Sergeant York.*

The men liked the York picture better, it seemed to me, and while they roared with laughter at the ease with which the World War hero was granted a furlough from his major, the picture had a definite influence on their work on the rifle-range the next day. In the film Gary Cooper, playing the Tennessee mountain boy who had been a conscientious objector before he became the outstanding hero of World War I, had an interesting backwoods habit. He licked his thumb and wet the front sight of his rifle before firing.

"Hit cuts down the haze," he said.

The next day on the range you should have seen the boys lick their thumbs and wet the front sight of the Garand. They laughed and shouted, saying, "Hit sure do cut down the haze, now don't it all?"

The outfit I watched at target practice consisted of a company of engineers, and the young infantry private who accompanied me was contemptuous of their shooting. "These guys can't shoot at all," he said. "You should have seen *my* outfit." From the score they were running up, it didn't look so bad to me, any more than I could have been displeased with the noonday meal I had over at the Artillery Replacement Center.

There were three hundred men in that mess hall, and it was so clean you could literally have eaten off the floor. We had beef stew in gravy, mixed salad, boiled potatoes, creamed carrots, rolls and butter. Some men were kicking because there was no ice cream. "We only get it three times a week," the soldier sitting next to me said with a grin.

"It's a damn good meal," I said.

The young fellow considered this seriously, then said, "Well, I'd say it was one of our poorer meals." (Holy mackerel! I thought, remembering our endless Spanish diet of chickpeas or lentils, lentils or chickpeas.)

But the attitude is typical. Just as typical as the attitude that was expressed in the following episode. Private Kincaid (Tennessee mountain boy) approached his former commander, Lieutenant Flynn. (Lieutenant Flynn is now attached to public relations in the Artillery Replacement Center.)

"Lieutenant, sir," he said, "ah wanted t'say goo-bye."

"You're moving out soon, Kincaid?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where are you going?"

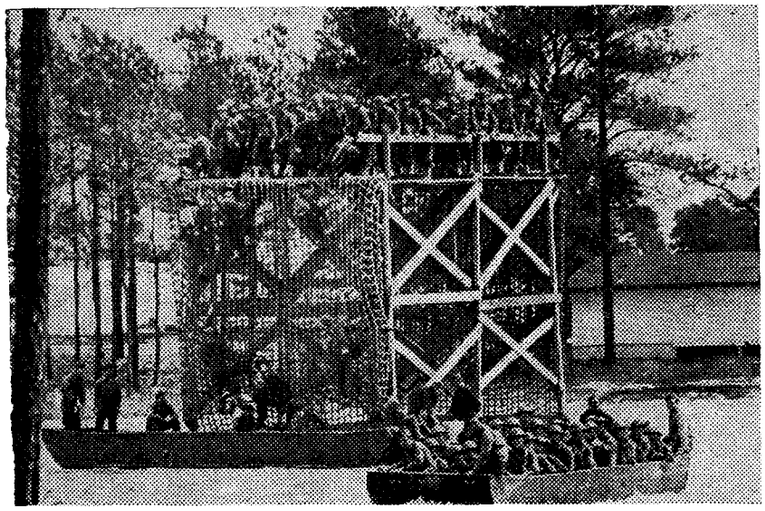
"Don' rightly know, sir," Kincaid said. "Some say Missouri, some say Iceland."

They both laughed, then Kincaid shyly brought out a photograph of himself and handed it to the lieutenant. "Ah thought you might like t' have this, sir," he said.

"What would I want with it, Kincaid?" Flynn smiled.

"T' remember me by," said the private from Tennessee.

Flynn put the picture in his wallet, the two soldiers saluted, and we walked off. "That boy," he said. "He came to us—



The "transport" platform, serving as a deck of a ship, is built in a pond on a Fort Bragg reservation. The landing boat holds fifty men.

The soldier in training at Bragg gets a thorough workout in snaking through a maze of barbed wire entanglements.

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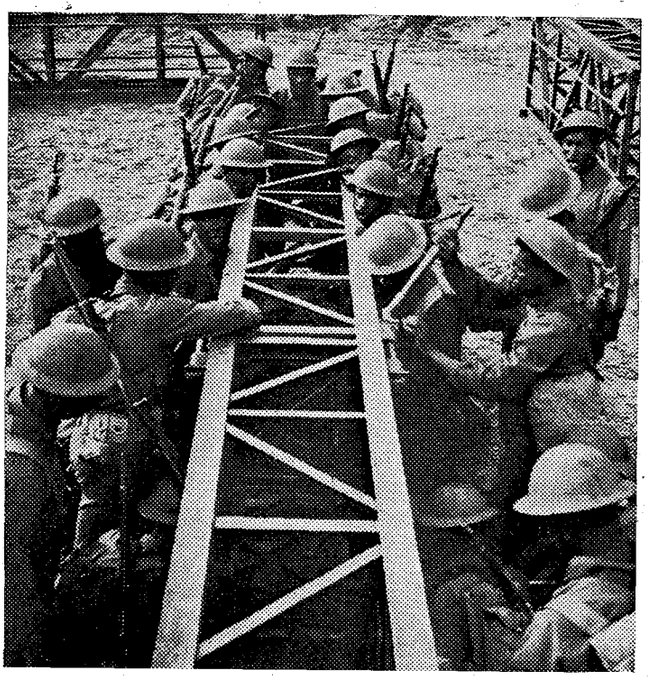

A group of Negro engineers in full battle kit heave on an H-Bridge in preparation for the bridge of men and supplies to France.

never had a day of schooling in his life. I had to teach him to speak properly, and his lack of coordination was unbelievable. But we must have made a good soldier of him if he's moving out with the rest."

AT THE Field Artillery Replacement Center the reservation loses something of its atmosphere of a college campus—for the section around the Main Post bears a strong resemblance to a university town, with its fine brick buildings, red tiled roofs, and landscaped grounds. At the FARC, although the grounds are neat and there are planted lawns, the buildings are of painted wood and most of them are less than two years old.

Here you see the army camp in its real activity. You see more soldiers standing guard duty—two hours on, four hours off. You begin to grasp the complexity of the organization of this great training center. There are neat little wooden signs designating the uses of the many buildings: *F. A. Officers Mess; Public Relations Office, FARC; Barracks, Battery A; Commanding Officer,* and the rest.

You will see a platform near the mess hall with a half-dozen garbage cans, each neatly labeled: *Wet Garbage, Dry Garbage, Milk Bottles, Tin Cans, Egg Shells and Coffee Grounds, Pig Food.* Collection trucks come around every day and pick up this waste material, a different truck for each variety. Much of it is salvaged.

From the mess halls every day a truck goes out to the supply depot to pick up the food required for each day's mess. The food is cooked in the battery mess-hall kitchens, kitchens that would be the delight of any housewife. At one of these kitchens I found the men on KP in a literal frenzy of ecstasy over an electric potato peeler. With this machine—which looks a lot like a washing machine—in operation, there's no fear of technological unemployment among the men.

The food these mess-halls serve is solid, substantial, and balanced, for the men are doing heavy work and they have healthy appetites. For while the vast majority of the men at Bragg have received thirteen weeks of basic training before they reach their permanent outfits at the Fort, men at the Artillery Replacement Center come directly from the reception centers for selectees, and begin their training here in one of the three classical arms of the soldier.

He gets a half hour of calisthenics every morning; an hour a day of close order drill. He learns open order drill and the combat tactics of the infantryman; he gets target practice on the rifle range—for the artilleryman carries a rifle and must know how to use it. He is toughened up by conditioning hikes; he swims and plays baseball, does rough-and-tumble fighting, takes lectures on sex hygiene and American history, and there are orientation classes designed to give him a fundamental understanding of the origin and development of this war, of what he's fighting for.

This is a new departure in our army, and its importance cannot be underestimated. It is the first time in American military history that it has been felt necessary to develop the individual soldier beyond the concept that he was fighting "for his country." He is beginning now to learn what his country is, what it has striven to achieve in the past, what it is fighting for today.

But most of his work is in the school of the artilleryman. He is the servant of the guns—the heavy weapons: anti-tank guns, 105 mm howitzers, 155 mm guns, 240 mm howitzers. He takes lectures on gunnery and ballistics, and he goes to work immediately on the basic field piece of the American army—the 105 mm howitzer.

The 105 has replaced the famous French 75 of World War I, as the basic piece of field artillery, and it has won a fine reputation for itself in Bataan and wherever American arms are being used. Don't be confused about the differences between a howitzer and a gun. The howitzer has a shorter barrel, is used generally for short-range work, although the 105 can be effective at close to seven miles.

The prospective artilleryman works with his gun between three and four weeks before he gets to fire it. Together with the seven other men of his gun crew (exclusive of the commissioned officers attached to a battery), he learns the positions he must take up in transporting the gun, laying it (emplacing it), readying it for fire, serving it in battle. He learns how to clean it—and that's no small job. He learns how to dig refuges around the gun, in which to take cover if the enemy should spot his gun's position. He learns how to camouflage the piece, so it can't be seen from the ground or from the air. He learns surveying.

Many men serve with a battery (generally four guns) in addition to the gun crews who service them. There are telephone operators, short-wave radio operators (who carry the famous "walkie-talkie" two-way radio telephone that weighs thirty-seven pounds), men specialized in aiming the piece, recording the shots fired and the results of the fire, in spotting the forces or batteries of the enemy.

THE layman generally wonders how an artillery battery locates an enemy objective and fires so accurately at it. Gunnery and the tactical employment of artillery are sciences that cannot readily be simplified, but it can do no harm to try.

You're already aware of the fact that artillery lies well back of the front lines. For in advance of the guns the artillerymen have observers, whose job it is to locate enemy targets. These observers may be on the ground, on hills or in trees, in airplanes. An observer in a trench, let us say, knows how far it is to the enemy's fortifications. The battery commander knows how far it is from his battery to his own frontline positions, even if he can't see them. The two sums are added together and the respective positions, enemy and friendly, plotted on a map.

Airplane observers can map the terrain below them, and by examining a series of maps taken over a few days, the trained intelligence officer can detect signs of enemy movements. Certain of these signs indicate artillery emplacements as plain as day. For there are many ways of spotting an enemy position, of plotting it, and directing fire at it. The flashing of enemy guns can be observed. The very sound of the enemy guns is picked up by sensitive microphones laid out in a semi-circle. Now, if the rate that sound travels through air is known (which it is), the sound of a gun firing will be picked up at different times by the different microphones, which automati-

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cally record the time intervals. Simple geometry can do the rest—with the aid of a map.

With the enemy's position spotted, the battery opens fire and the results of its fire are recorded and transmitted by the same observers—on the ground, on hills, in trees, in the air. They telephone or radio back to the battery commander, and he corrects his range.

I went out to the artillery range with Lieutenant Dexter of the Public Relations Office—an artillery officer himself. The artillery range at Bragg is said to be the largest in the world, and can be used for firing any piece up to the 240 mm howitzer. This range is a stretch of rolling, partially wooded terrain (scrub oak and loblolly pine) that is twenty-eight miles long by eleven miles wide. Here and there you will see little signs that are somehow indicative of the understated sense of humor that exists in any army: WARNING: *Do Not Disturb Duds.* To get onto the range, you have to sign with a military police guard, and you are stopped frequently by armed guards placed at intervals. A red flag is waving on top of a tall pole, to warn people that firing is going on.

We pulled off the sandy road on top of a slight crest of ground, behind two batteries of 105's that were drawn up on the firing line. Since the outfit that was firing them had had relatively little training, no attempt had been made to simulate battle conditions. There was no camouflage. Of the two batteries, only one gun of each was actually being fired. The rest of the guns, however, were served by crews that went through the motions of action with each round that was fired, then moved to the next gun on the line. In this way ammunition was conserved, but battle practice was given, and during the course of the day each gun crew got a chance to fire.

"This outfit is relatively new," Lieutenant Dexter said. "That's why it takes them so long between rounds." He impressed on me that the first emphasis was on speed; when that had been achieved, accuracy was the next objective.

Far across the valley between two hills we could see what looked like small white handkerchiefs lying across the face of a meadow in irregular patterns. These were the targets, and I imagine they were rather large.

The eight gun crews took their positions to the chanted count of one-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight, and respective commanders gave the reading. You could see the men sighting the piece, elevating one gun, depressing another, traversing a third. Fire commands are given in terms of the projectile used, the powder charge, fuse setting, direction and distribution of the fire, the site, the pieces to fire (they are numbered), the method of fire, the elevation and range; and these commands have a regular sequence. The battery commanders lay behind us in a concrete dugout, while the executive officers were with their respective batteries.

Suddenly one of the guns spoke and we watched the distant hill. There was a burst of flame and a mounting cloud of dirt and smoke on the hill, that grew like a flower blossoming. The burst had already begun to fade before the delayed sound of the explosion came to us over a mile away.

"That one was short," Lieutenant Dexter said. "The next one will probably be long, and between the two they'll be able to refine their range." The gun in the other battery fired, and by watching beyond the target, I could see that the lieutenant had been right. The burst came some distance beyond the target.

"Now watch!" Dexter said, during what seemed to be an unusually long pause. The two guns fired almost simultaneously, and two bursts of flame and smoke sprouted on the distant hillside, close enough to the target to demolish it.

REMEMBERING Hill 666 in the Spanish Sierra Pandols on Aug. 18, 1938, I got a very funny feeling when the double sound of the bursting shells came back to us. It was quite different being behind the guns than it had been on that day when we were in front of them, and the Italian fascist artillerymen were laying their shells on that little hill at the rate of 120 a minute.

But there was a strange, inverted feeling of pride, too. Pride in the accuracy of these American artillerymen—who were "relatively new" at this game, but now proceeded to lay every shell on the same target as though it had been drawn by a magnet. Pride that *we* now had the men and the stuff to pay back to the fascists what the fascists had dished up to the Americans in Spain—what they have subsequently dished up to other people in France, China, and Norway, in Denmark and in Libya, on Bataan Peninsula and the fortress of Corregidor.

Every time that battery fired I could feel the explosion in my flesh; but there was a sense of exaltation instead of fear, watching these competent young men moving about the business of training to defeat the enemy we warned against back in 1936—the enemy we said would eventually attack the whole democratic world, if republican Spain were allowed to die at the hands of fascism.

Well, it's been a long time coming, but now that it's come, now that the collective security we argued for—and died for—has come into being at last with the alliance of America and Great Britain and the Soviet Union and China, it's good to know that the hot steel that was hurled at democracy in Spain is going back where it came from—doubled and tripled and quadrupled—from the massed batteries of the United Nations.

ALVAH BESSIE.

Another report on Fort Bragg will appear in next week's issue.

Non-commissioned officers examine the problems of terrain on their infantry division's sand table.

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Gerald L. K. Smith and Charles Coughlin—their publications were declared seditious by the federal government, but the men are still free

AND NOW FOR THE REST OF THEM

A GOVERNMENT dragnet, swinging through the smelly waters of anti-Americanism, has brought in its latest haul—twenty-eight men and women, twenty-three publications and organizations engaged in a conspiracy to "obstruct and defeat" the war effort by undermining the morale of America's armed forces. All have been indicted by a federal grand jury for their seditious activities. It is a reassuring, heartening event of this war that the government *is* proceeding against the enemies of the United States—against the "native" conspirators as well as the foreign-born Nazi spies and agents.

The government's latest indictment climaxes a long campaign by progressive forces to expose and block these allies of Berlin. This magazine is proud of its part in that campaign. Among those named in the indictment are persons whom NEW MASSES put the finger on in 1934—eight years ago, when their anti-Semitic, pro-Nazi shenanigans were regarded by other publications as "unimportant" or even, in some cases, as a valid exercise of democratic rights. Elizabeth Dilling, George Sylvester Viereck, Edward James Smythe, Gerald B. Winrod, Robert Edward Edmondson, James True, William Dudley Pelley, Prescott Dennett, Col. E. N. Sanctuary—these names have been familiar to NEW MASSES readers since John L. Spivak first exposed them in his series "Plotting America's Pogroms."

BUT good Americans, while celebrating the government's action against these people, may well feel that for the sake of their country's safety some questions are still in order. Why, for example, was Gerald L. K. Smith not named in the indictment although his publication, *The Cross and the Flag,* was? And why has Charles Coughlin been left untouched although his *Social Justice* was banned from the mails as seditious?

TOO many of the fish, and too many big ones, haven't been hooked yet. James Colescott, "grand imperial wizard" of the Ku Klux Klan; "Rev." Edward Lodge Curran, Coughlin's counterpart in Brooklyn; Lawrence Dennis, the "intellectual" of fascism; these are the chums and allies of men and women whom the government has indicted. Yet they remain free. Martin Dies, regarded as one of their fuehrers; Hamilton Fish, who played their game and protected them; Clare Hoffman, who spoke from their platforms and put their treasonable utterances into the *Congressional Record;* Robert Reynolds, who founded an organization for them—they use their positions in Congress for the seditious work which brought Viereck, Pelley, Winrod, and the others under the scrutiny of a grand jury. Their publishing allies defend them: Col. Robert McCormick, whose Chicago *Tribune* describes the government indictment as "garbage rhetoric"; William Randolph Hearst, an idol of William Griffin, publisher of the New York *Enquirer* who was indicted as "the key man" in the Nazi network here; and the two Pattersons, Captain Joseph and "Cissie," publishers of the New York *Daily News* and Washington *Times Herald.*

WE CANNOT afford the comfortable theory that traitors who are still at large will be taken care of "in time." Time, in this war, is too valuable to be spoken of so casually. And it is far too valuable to be used in persecuting a patriot like Harry Bridges while many Hitler aides go free. If Attorney General Biddle will turn from Mr. Bridges long enough to lock up the real enemies, he will fulfill the high duty of his office.

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THE WANDERERS

Weary, hounded, despairing—the old man doggedly led them on to a safer place. . . . A short story by Hans Marchwitza.

Hans Marchwitza comes from an Upper Silesian miner's family. From the age of fourteen he labored in the ore and coal mines of his province. Even during the first world war, he had begun to protest against the war-mad Prussian spirit, and after the downfall of the Kaiser he fought against the growing menace of fascism. Among his novels of this period are "Storm Over the Ruhr" and "Walzwerke." He fled from Germany in 1933 after the burning of his books. He also fought in Spain for two years and spent twenty months in French prison camps. It was in the latter that the novel ("The Crashing Mountain"), from which we print an excerpt, was written. The book treats of the downfall of France and the episode below tells of the escape of a small group of anti-fascists from a French concentration camp. This is one of the series of stories by exiled writers which NEW MASSES has been publishing for some time.

WE WANDERED through a pitch-black night. No moon, no stars were visible. Now and then a rumble accompanied by a distant flash came up out of the darkness across the dead landscape in which we trudged on and on. Unable to see in the blackness, I heard only the stamping and scraping of our feet.

We were reluctant to pause for a rest, fearing that some new mishap might prevent us from reaching the Rhone. And even if we did get there, we were faced with a new danger. The stream was closely guarded. Would we be able to cross it safely? Our weariness grew so that at times, like over-tired horses, we fell asleep as we walked and lurched forward in a daze. But then we were aroused from our sleep-walking by an impatient cry or a push from the old man. And it took us a while to come to our senses again and realize where we were. This realization caused renewed fright in the face of the hopelessness surrounding us. At times there was a brief exchange of words.

"Man, where are you dragging us anyhow? Won't we be just as badly off when we get there as we are now?" The high-pitched voice belonged to lanky Martin.

The other, a hoarse voice, was Michel's. It sounded somewhat tense and impatient: "Just wait! When we get to Agde, all our troubles will be over." Michel was dragging us toward the still distant little seaport where before the war he had had a few French friends from whom he desperately hoped for help.

The old man merely growled and urged us on: "We must see to it that we get out of this mess here soon, before it catches up with us. We must go on!"

Again the sky lit up. There was a rumble across the silent forest. I felt as if this parched wasteland were pressing its heavy, sultry breath against my dull brain.

Half-dozing, I heard the old man close by my side: "Where are you, men? Where are you wandering to?" I forced my eyes open and saw that the night was over.

COCKS crowing, birds singing, and animals bleating announced the dawn. White smoke rose straight over the tiled roofs of the peasant huts which we left further and further behind us. The awakening families made ready to begin their day's work.

Silent, lost in our own thoughts, we came meanwhile to a new forest. The brightening sky tossed away the last shadows of night and was suffused with a flaming red. But again the oppressive dullness of increasing weariness lay over my senses. What still impelled me forward was habit—and the haste with which the old man was now relentlessly driving us.

The reechoing sounds of the world of the living had been in our ears only a short time before; now they slowly receded again. The feeling of abandonment was now doubly hard to bear. When we had broken loose from our prison we had also had to renounce the company of fellow-men.

The old man, like a hardened, ever vigilant native guide, now stepped forward. His lean sunburned face with its pointed, determined chin betrayed the obstinacy of an inflexible man.

Our resistance had long since been paralyzed. But Schwalbe had shown often enough that in an emergency he did not shrink from the seemingly impossible. He did not cherish idle hopes or indulge in wishful thinking; by his soberness and his vigilance he forced us to follow his advice. Small, solidly built, he had hard, sure movements. He seemed to possess an astonishing tenacity which never dried up.

Again we were walking along the smooth dusty highway. At this hour it was completely deserted. The new day dawned warmly and tenderly, with all the wonders of a Southern dawn. But Schwalbe was more suspicious than ever of its brightness and friendliness. And yet there was a struggle within him. Should he remain true to his old rule, or yield just this once to temptation and proceed further along the more comfortable highway? Perhaps the struggle was intensified by his increasing desire to find some abandoned peasant's hut where we might find something to eat.

Several times I heard Michel's dry croaking voice say: "We've got to look for something to drink!" But the old man replied roughly: "What, you want to run right into the hounds? Then go ahead, just wander aimlessly on!"

The younger man repressed a vindictive retort. His voice was choked but again docile as he simply said: "I just meant well, after all, it would also do you good." Then Schwalbe grumbled, less severely: "I can still wait."

The sun had risen higher. The forest again seemed yellow and dry. Schwalbe's eyes roved in a wide circle. Since he did not find what he was looking for, he gave his shoulder a jerk where the strap was cutting into the flesh, and proceeded in grim silence.

Again the moment had come when the usual mutual understanding and sharing of misery turned into reciprocal resentment and rage. Martin burst out. "Oh, I'd like to lie down and rest!"

Long and lean, his shoulders hunched high as though he were constantly freezing, his small thin face held to one side, he had walked by the old man's side the whole time. He watched the latter frown and again yielded: "All right, we can still plunge deeper into this wilderness. As you please." Again he took long strides out in front. Now and then he averted his head questioningly toward the silent old man who was breathing hard.

"How far are we still going to drag ourselves?" muttered Michel with a despairing glance at the old man who kept doggedly walking on without deigning to answer. Now Schwalbe turned into a footpath which ran into the woods. It was like a dried up brook, full of whitened pebbles, running between high cliffs and sharp tangled shrubs. "Where are you running to?" He shouted to lanky Martin who had failed to

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notice the turn. "Do you want to run off aimlessly again? Here is our way!"

The tall man obediently turned back. He pointed in a direction as if he wanted to say that something over there had attracted him. After we had proceeded for some time on the new path which was stony and hard going, he smiled despondently and uttered his repressed desire: "I hoped to find a well there."

THE sun began to go down. Now the old man shouted, hoarse and panting: "You should have looked out for yourself before daybreak. Did you search for water then? No! Now it's daytime again. We have to go on."

Finally Michel stopped. His dark eyes betrayed open resistance: "You go on alone! I'm going to lie down. Why are you dragging us through these holes? We would have made much better time on the road and wouldn't feel so rotten now."

The old man also halted and looked at despairing Michel. His eyes blazed with anger: "We must get to the Rhone. We've got to escape the trap here. You want to get caught and dragged back to the camp? Then go ahead, lie down."

The young man let his head sink as if he had a guilty conscience. Schwalbe continued with a snort: "I can't trust in your hopes. Maybe the collapse has also swept away your friends, Gillot and Degoutte. It will be much worse if we find every crossing of the river blocked."

Michel raised his head and stared piteously at the old man. Then he gave a long cry, thin and hoarse, like the croak of a bird: "It's mad! We're just killing ourselves. We're not eating any more and we're dying of thirst here in the woods. Is there really any point to all our wandering?"

The old man answered in a changed voice. Tossing the bundle from his shoulder, he sank with a groan to the hot stony earth: "We'll see if there's any point to it. There must be a way out of this mess. Let's stop again and rest; then maybe we'll think of some way out. We won't remain forsaken forever; for even here life isn't altogether dead. It just needs time to assert itself again."

"Then why are we hounding each other so?" the youth murmured.

"We're not hounding," the old man replied with a bitter look, "we're being hounded." He stretched himself out. Now for the first time he seemed completely weakened. "I'd like a drink," he croaked, closing his deeply sunken and wrinkled eyes in their two gray sockets.

We three others stared at him in bewilderment for some time. Michel's resistance seemed to have shaken the old man's stubborn will.

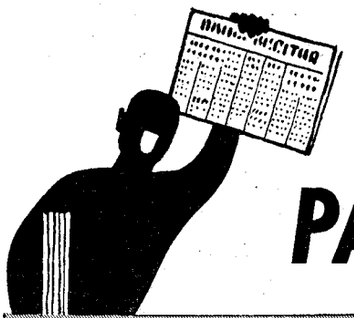
Now, it seemed to me, each of us felt the same anxiety. Let anything happen, but we mustn't lose him.

With a sigh we all lay down.

Great birds flew over us with cold, round, hostile eyes. They circled around and around us, croaking all the time. Shrill chirps surrounded us, as if everything about us had turned into innumerable, piercing little voices.

Martin and Michel were soon asleep. There was a rattling sound from their open mouths. Was Schwalbe asleep too? I don't know. His eyes shut, he breathed heavily and with a rasp. He talked—whether awake or in his sleep I could not tell. He spoke of horse-saddles; he was driving a herd at great speed before him. He spoke of Siberia, of Lake Baikal, of riding 3,000 miles in the icy cold. He told of the Sierra Nevada in Spain, of Madrid. He wrinkled his old forehead and murmured, as though ending a life story which he had revealed for the first time: "Whatever is good remains good. Nothing can shake the good; it comes through everywhere—in spite of everything. . . ."

I listened I was deathly tired, yet my senses had become strangely alert. Softly and warmly the yellow, whispering forest swayed and rustled; the bright chirpings and the sky and the earth fused with it in a gray-white surging flood across which flaming mists were sinking. HANS MARCHWITZA.



PRESS PARADE

LONDONERS who have recently been dropping in at the Soviet Exhibition in Piccadilly to see the handsome saddle bought for Marshal Timoshenko with British subscriptions were hoping last week that the sympathy of this country with the Marshal's present struggle would soon be expressed in a more acceptable form of leatherwork—the planting of British and American boots on occupied soil.

Mollie Panter-Downes' "Letter from London," in the "New Yorker."

A SECOND FRONT is not envisaged as "help to Russia" but as the sole means by which the Allies can help themselves. . . . That is how Moscow sees it.

Moscow's chief concern now is that the Allies realize the gravity of the situation and that, stirred with bitterest hatred, they should hasten to bring about Hitler's defeat. I asked my friend from Sevastopol what those people down there used to say about the second front. He replied with an old Russian proverb: "Oko veedet zoob, nye ymyot"—"The eye sees, but the tooth can't taste it."

Ralph Parker, writing from Moscow, the New York "Times."

LADY NANCY ASTOR of Cliveden is embarrassed by the way the Nazis recognize the value of her utterances and make use of them. Recently the former hostess to Charles Lindbergh et al. complained angrily in Commons that Hitler's boys were misquoting her. One or two of her colleagues made helpful suggestions—the best, if not exactly the most sympathetic, coming from the Labor MP Frederick Seymour Cocks: "It would not be difficult to avoid such a problem if for the remainder of the war the noble lady preserved an iron silence."

"LIFE" magazine, July 6 issue, tries to mix some Old South incense with 1942 gunpowder. In a twelve-page spread on "The Fighting South," it appears that colonnaded old plantation homes handsomely illustrate "the personal dignity, the family pride, and sense of honor" which help account for the enthusiasm with which southern boys go out to fight Hitler today. Robert E. Lee, the slaveholders' general, gets honorable mention along with his ancestors who signed the Declaration of Independence. There are pictures of the American Revolutionary guerrillas too, and very fine pictures they are—and of some present-day fighters. But someone should tell the "Life" editors, in case they don't know it, that the granddaddies of most of the boys in this 1942 fight never lifted a gun in defense of slavery unless they were forced to—and the record of desertions from the Confederate Army is probably the highest in any war. The South fought in 1776. It is fighting as hard today. But not because of Jeff Davis—the Colin Kellys and Dorie Millers are doing the fighting now.

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ZIP YOUR LIP

The story of a West Coast army-civilian campaign to stop loose talk about military matters. From juke boxes to editorials. A model for other states.

Los Angeles.

FORT ORD is located on the Monterey Peninsula — an area popularized by John Steinbeck in his *Tortilla Flat.* Until recently it had a heavy population of persons born in enemy countries. Undoubtedly there is fifth column activity around Fort Ord, as there is around any sizable army cantonment. Hence the necessity for complete silence regarding troops moving in and out of the Fort. This, however, is not easy. Civilians in Monterey, Salinas, Watsonville, Carmel, and Pacific Grove—the cities most frequented by soldiers—are a friendly sort. It is only natural that they should ask a soldier his home town, his unit, how many other men there are at the Fort—never dreaming that such information is useful to the enemy.

Yet it is just such information which the Military Intelligence of every army is out to get. To know everything possible about enemy troops before meeting them in battle—the size, characteristics, average age, training, morale, and movements of the troops—this is the job of "Intelligence."

Small wonder that the commanding officers of Fort Ord were anxious to stop loose talk among the civilians of Monterey. So a "Zip Your Lip" campaign was initiated. Conceived by the Fort's public relations office, it was launched under the direction of Col. Charles H. Mason, post executive, with the approval of Col. Roger S. Fitch, post commander. Its success makes it worth study for nationwide application.

DIRECTORS of the campaign faced certain difficulties at the outset. The necessity for secrecy surrounding troop movements was readily understood by both soldiers and civilians, who could envision submarines and sinking troop ships off the coast. But why the same secrecy should be observed regarding units stationed at the Fort—this was harder to explain. The campaign, therefore, was directed toward silencing everything that might convey military information, with no fine distinctions between "vital" and "not vital."

Another difficulty was the peculiarly delicate relationship that obtains between the military and the civilian population. The latter do not like to be "told" by the military what they may and may not do. Voluntary civilian cooperation must be enlisted, and whatever suasion is necessary must be applied by civilian sources. So the campaign was designed to promote a feeling of deep *personal* responsibility for stopping rumors and discussion of military subjects. And since soldiers are the chief source of military information, the campaign was started among them.

One day the camp paper, *Panorama,* which is read by all soldiers at Fort Ord, ran a front-page box headed, "Dummy Up, Boys, Dummy Up." This was the first of a series of lead articles, editorials, and cartoons reporting the progress of the campaign and generally popularizing it among the men. A public address system was rigged up in the Fort's central bus station on Saturday and Sunday nights, when the largest number of boys leave camp. The last thing they heard as they went out was the loudly voiced caution: "Zip your lip, don't talk military matters when you're in town."

Even the juke boxes were used. More than twenty post exchanges at Fort Ord are equipped with these boxes, operated by telephone through a central exchange. You put your nickel into a coin slot, then tell the operator what number you want played. A series of ten-second transcriptions of jingles, with sound effects, etc., plugging the "Zip Your Lip" message, was cut at a local radio station. These were played over the juke box system before the requested number. They became so popular that soldiers often asked the operator to play three or four of them instead of a musical number. The system was also placed in effect in Monterey, which has a similar central juke box exchange with outlets in bars and restaurants throughout the city.

A fine public relations job was done by a Fort Ord liaison officer through the newspapers of Monterey, Salinas, and Watsonville. First he explained to editors the objectives of the campaign and offered the assistance of the Fort's public relations staff in the preparation of news stories and pictures. Without exception the newspapers pitched in. News stories and editorials, written by both soldier and civilian reporters, immediately began to appear in papers throughout the peninsula.

The area's two radio stations—KHUB in Watsonville and KDON in Monterey—agreed to do their part. A spot announcement was broadcast every half hour, then ten times a day, from each station: "Here is a message from the Public Relations Officer at Fort Ord. We are at war. Keep military information out of your conversation."

Handsome posters with the admonition "Keep Military Information Out of Your Conversation" were furnished at cost to local Chambers of Commerce, which distributed them to business establishments in the communities near Fort Ord. In addition the public relations officer outlined the campaign to Chamber secretaries and, in some cases, to membership meetings.

Since most public conversations take place in bars, restaurants, and beauty parlors, a small army of bartenders and waitresses was enlisted in the "Zip Your Lip" drive. They were asked to keep their ears open for discussion of military topics, and to take steps to stop it. Newspapers carried picture stories showing how information might spread from these public places.

Signs reading "Keep Military Matters Out of Your Conversation" have been posted in every telephone booth at Fort Ord. Western Union and Postal Telegraph installed a form of "voluntary suggested censorship" in the Monterey Peninsula area. A telegraph clerk who spots military information in a message asks the sender if he wouldn't like to delete that part. So far no one—soldier or civilian—has refused to cooperate. (Before the campaign 5,000 telegrams were sent out in one day, containing the information that the Fort had been "alerted.") If anyone should refuse to delete the military facts, the clerks are instructed to report him to the post intelligence officer.

IMPRESSED with these results, the public information committee of the State Defense Council, with the aid of the Fort Ord public relations office, prepared an outline for a statewide campaign that is now receiving serious consideration. This outline might well serve as a model for the other forty-seven states in blanketing the nation with silence concerning matters vital to its security. Briefly the plan is for the campaign to originate with the State Defense Council, but to operate through the local defense councils in order to bring it close to the average citizen. In addition to regular spot announcements, radio dramatizations, and radio contests for slogans, with war savings bonds as prizes, would be tremendously effective. The schools, movies, posters, stickers, buttons, and many other devices could be used.

"Zip Your Lip" has the advantage of appealing to the public's imagination as well as to its patriotism. It also gives the participants a feeling of personal responsibility which is invaluable for national morale.

TOM CULLEN.

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Books in the Front Lines

PROBABLY no previous gathering of members of the book industry equalled in importance the Book Mobilization Conference which concluded its sessions last week with a public meeting. For the aim of the conferees was to turn books and book publishing into war weapons. The personnel of the conference was, of course, the key to its success. There were writers and critics, publishers and editors, promotion and production people, booksellers and library representatives, office workers and men from the shipping rooms. Anyone acquainted with the book trade, where the division of labor introduces false and unfortunate distinctions between categories of workers, will see that a tremendous step forward has been taken.

This was reflected in the realistic character of the decisions made by the conferees. They adopted resolutions in support of the President's seven-point anti-inflation program and the immediate opening of the second front. Stressing the need for national unity, they pledged themselves to fight against religious and racial discrimination. They promised to make every effort to eliminate wage differentials which operate to the disadvantage of women in the industry.

Each group of workers also made specific practical recommendations to be carried out by its section of the trade. Editors urged the publication of inexpensive books, pamphlets, and reprints in large quantities. They suggested the government coordination of all publishing to prevent duplication, and strict checking of factual accuracy in all writings on the war. Resolving to do all they could to encourage the writing and reading of works conducive to national morale, they planned to try to prevent the publication of books tending to disrupt unity. Special attention was given to the writing of books for children which would give them a sense of personal security and yet teach them something of the meaning of the war.

Writers spoke of the work done through the agency of the Writers War Board in preparing articles, stories, skits, and radio programs. Booksellers and promotion people suggested devices for attracting readers to the more important books dealing with the war. Among these is a project for a Victory Book of the Month which would be given the widest publicity by all dealers and librarians.

An excellent report on the conservation of vital war materials was presented by a production representative, who proposed that all book specifications be standardized for the duration. The shipping men had equally good ideas on rationalizing deliveries and binding and to give more employment to local labor. Office workers described their manifold civilian defense activities, which have been most highly organized in the union shops.

A continuations committee was set up to organize the carrying out of the decisions of the conference. There is no doubt but that the work of this committee will be felt in every section of the book trade as a strong practical force for victory. All interested persons are urged to get in touch with the committee, through the Book and Magazine Union, which deserves highest praise for its sponsorship and direction of the conference.

Question for Elmer Davis

IF THE New York *World-Telegram* (Scripps-Howard) has correctly quoted Elmer Davis, chief of the Office of War Information, Mr. Davis is for barring any Communists or "fellow travelers" from government service. According to the story in the *World-Telegram*—which the OWI director has not yet denied—Mr. Davis bases his policy on the erroneous presumption that Communists give their first loyalty to a "foreign government." All of which is a little surprising, coming from a man with a highly responsible post in an administration which is out to beat the Axis—all the more surprising in view of Mr. Davis' particular position. For his job, first of all, calls for an acquaintance with Axis propaganda and devising means to combat it. Surely the OWI chief must know what appalling use Hitler has made of the "Communist" bugaboo. No one, of course, would accuse Elmer Davis of following a similar line, of intentionally furthering Hitler's game. Yet the truth is that such statements do tend to further it, by turning people's attention to a mythical enemy and by barring the services of men and women who are intensely desirous of contributing as much as possible to the war effort. In China, in republican Spain, in other nations that have engaged in long conflict with the Axis, it has been found that when Communists are permitted to participate fully in the common fight, that fight is very perceptibly strengthened. Recent reports from Canada and India indicate a growing awareness of this fact.

As it is, too many competent, industrious progressives have been removed from service in Washington on Red-baiting charges. This in itself is a violation of Civil Service Commission rules, as is pointed out by the July Monthly Bulletin of the International Juridical Association. For the Commission provides that no person shall be removed except "for such cause as will promote the efficiency of the service." So far from promoting efficiency, Red-baiting in any form inevitably leads to disorder, insecurity, lessened morale. The OWI faces some highly important and difficult duties; it would be extremely unfortunate to weaken its own strength by any species of witch-hunting.

New York's Election Campaign

NEW YORK gubernatorial elections have always had an important place in the national political scene, and more so this year than for many decades. Now that Sen. James Mead has entered the race, with President Roosevelt's backing, the issue is sharply clear; a win-the-war policy versus defeatism; unity versus factionalism; the pro-labor forces versus labor haters. Mead is opposed for the Democratic nomination by Atty. Gen. John Bennett; whoever wins that nomination will most likely be opposed by Thomas E. Dewey, Republican.

A glance at the persons and groups backing Bennett and Dewey is very revealing. Dewey, as we have said before, is picked by the defeatist New York *Daily News* to "save democracy" from Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1944. Bennett is sponsored by James A. Farley, who soured on the administration some time ago. He is also approved by Westbrook Pegler, who has let the kitty out of the sack as far as Bennett's "liberalism" is concerned: ". . . he is not a New Dealer," Pegler admiringly wrote on July 22, adding that if Bennett and Dewey were nominated there would probably be a "reaction against" labor unions—which, of course, is just fine by the wild-eyed Mr. Pegler. William Griffin, publisher of the New York *Enquirer*, who was recently indicted by a federal grand jury on sedition charges, is another Bennett booster. It is interesting to note that some of the same groups which have plumped for Tom Dewey are also begging for Bennett as against Senator Mead. Their slogan, apparently, is "Any thing but Mead"—which might read, "Anything but a Roosevelt man."

Backing Mead thus far is a healthy coa-

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lition that includes, besides President Roosevelt: the state CIO Council; the American Labor Party; the New Deal section of the Democratic Party; and prominent administration Democrats like Sen. Robert F. Wagner and Governor Lehman. In his letter to Mead urging him to enter the race, Wagner stressed his colleague's "unblemished record of support for the President's foreign policy, before and since Pearl Harbor" and the importance of his candidacy to "the masses of working people in the state." Mead's chief opponents, on the other hand, attack not only the administration's foreign policy but organized labor and the American Labor Party. The ALP is expected to nominate Mead officially as its candidate if he wins the Democratic nomination on August 19. Unity within the ALP will greatly further his chances. At this writing an increasing number of Democratic delegates are reported to be going over to Mead. The fight is still hot, however—to win it requires a maximum of unity and determination.

Mr. Hull's Speech

CORDELL HULL'S radio address of July 23 reemphasized a number of themes which are by now familiar. We are fighting, he said, "for liberty for all peoples, without distinction of race, color, and religion." To be really free, the Secretary of State continued, "men must have economic freedom and economic security," and for this, he foresees the shifting of our war economy to peacetime economy on the basis of higher levels of productivity, and he repeats his well known emphasis on the need for the unencumbered exchange of raw materials and goods among nations. A third point in his speech was the stress on an international agency for the collective organization of the peace; and like Sumner Welles on May 30, Mr. Hull believes that this agency will have to maintain some surveillance over the aggressor nations for a considerable period.

These are broad principles which have already gained a universal support, although it is probably all to the good that they be stated again. To our mind, however, this generalized approach which was one of the features of Mr. Hull's address was also its chief shortcoming. At this particular moment, when the crisis over the "second front" is wracking all peoples and the relationships among all the United Nations, it was to be expected that our Secretary of State would deal with the most *immediate,* rather than the most general questions on people's minds. Such "timelessness" was all the more unfortunate since the President had announced at his press conference two days earlier that Mr. Hull would deal with "the seriousness of the war." That is exactly what he failed to do, as Mr. Roosevelt himself could not have failed to realize from the mild response to the speech in the land as a whole. Except for one or two ellip-

Procope

DECLARE WAR ON FINLAND

MORE than 300 eminent Americans have appealed to President Roosevelt, in a statement sponsored by the American Council on Soviet Relations, to declare war on Finland in order to speed the day of victory of the United States and the United Nations. Among the signers were Cong. Adolph J. Sabath and Vito Marcantonio, CIO Vice-Pres. Reid Robinson, novelists Louis Bromfield and Theodore Dreiser, scientist Dr. A. T. Hrdlicka, and historian Prof. Frederick L. Schuman. They have performed an important public service at an all-important moment.

As if Finnish Minister Procope, who is still very much at large in Washington, had tipped off the Helsinki authorities to the growing impatience here with the lack of realism in American policy toward Finland, the Finnish radio sent out a "peace feeler" which was so transparent in motive that it was particularly painful to see how the American press fell for it. Of course it was not really a "peace feeler," because it did not even suggest that Finland was ready to stop fighting. It merely wanted to know what fate was reserved for Finland if the United Nations won—as if Finland could have its Nazi cake and eat it too.

We were not impressed with Anne O'Hare McCormick's special pleading in the New York *Times* for Finland on the ground that the Finnish front has been quiet for the past six months. If it has been quiet, we do not have to thank the Finnish government for it. In the many long months of 1941 that Mannerheim's forces tried to cut off Murmansk from Leningrad, the losses were so heavy that a period of recuperation was dictated by necessity. The Leningrad front, however, shows signs of erupting again, and when it does the quiet preparation of the last six months will have made it possible.

Moreover, the Finnish army has probably never fallen below the figure of 300,000, stiffened by another 100,000 German troops. Fighting or not, this force necessarily immobilizes about 500,000 Russian soldiers at a time when they are desperately needed in the south. Every Soviet soldier immobilized by a Finnish soldier in the north may mean the death of another Soviet soldier in the south. Besides, there is no denying that the Luftwaffe has used Finnish bases around Petsamo to attack British and American convoys moving to Murmansk and that our own men have been dying in Arctic waters and our own war material has been sent to a watery grave because Finland is "quietly" in the war.

The military argument for treating Finland so benevolently is nonsense, but even worse is the political. It is simply not true that Finland can be cajoled out of the war. That is the way of appeasement. On the other hand, it is true that Soviet-American relations can be gravely prejudiced—at a critical juncture of the war.

American policy seems to imply that there are two wars—the Soviet and the Anglo-American—which cohere at some points *but not at all.* The failure to treat Finland as an enemy *because it is an enemy of the Soviets* tends to confuse the very nature of the war. In this sense, the Finnish policy has the widest possible political significance. To prove that we are really fighting one war, a total war, we should declare war on Finland immediately.

There was one sentence in Secretary Hull's speech last week which the State Department and the President might consider in reference to Finland: "There is no surer way for men and for nations to show themselves unworthy of liberty than, by supine submission and refusal to fight, to render more difficult the task of those who are fighting for the preservation of human freedom—unless it be to align themselves, freely and voluntarily, with the destroyers of liberty." Some inspired Washington comment said that this sentence was aimed at France and India. It might much more aptly have referred to Finland, though it seems that the State Department is much more disposed to sympathize with Finland's "plight" than India's.

Marshal Mannerheim has said that Finland will fight to conquer all of Karelia—in short, to cut off Murmansk from Leningrad by physical annexation. It has been pointed out that this statement of policy is a year old—so much more reason for having no illusions about it. We have had a year to learn Mannerheim's motives. Yet most of our aid to Russia depends on the Murmansk-Leningrad route so that it is clear that Mannerheim's program was most directly aimed at our chief link with the Soviets.

The issue of Finland is a test of our consistency. All Americans who are in this war 100 percent and for keeps are alarmed at the government's policy, and unquestionably so are the conquered peoples of Europe and both our British and Soviet allies. As things stand today, we are at war with Hungary, Bulgaria, and Rumania—why not with Finland? As things stand today, our British and Russian allies are at war with Finland—why not the United States?

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tical passages about the necessity for attacking the enemy in his homeland, and the need for winning the war before fashioning the peace, Mr. Hull's address lacked urgency. It lacked the sense of crisis which everyone feels. It did not grapple with the danger in which our cause has been placed by hesitation and delay.

It was excellent for such a highly placed American official to call upon the remaining neutral nations to forego policies which, as he said, are both "suicidal" and "absurd," but the truth is that the neutrals, like our allies, will be impressed only by the speed and wholeheartedness with which American military power is unleashed on the decisive Western Front.

Insult to Our Soviet Ally

FIVE million AFL unionists will, with the rest of us, find it impossible to plumb the reasoning of their Executive Council on the question of affiliation with the Anglo-Soviet Trade Union Committee. For months the council had dallied with Sir Walter Citrine's proposal that American labor join the international trade union setup to ensure maximum unity and performance in the war effort. It was, moreover, more than a logical step after their governments had signed the Roosevelt-Churchill-Molotov agreements. The council finally rose to the occasion by grandiosely consenting to communicate with Soviet labor only through a British go-between.

In other words, the Soviet unionists in the Red Army are good enough to die by the millions so that the world and labor everywhere will be spared the scourge of Hitlerism, but the heroes of the Don, of Leningrad, of Sevastopol are not good enough to sit at a table with Matthew Woll and William Hutcheson. "It doesn't make sense," the UAW official journal says this week, "to wantonly insult the Russian workers when they are fighting and dying as much in our behalf as their own."

This action of the AFL leadership flouts not only the agreements of the government but also the solemn declaration of their own president, William Green. At Madison Square Garden recently, he said that the workers of Russia, United States, Britain, and their allies "must stand together and fight together, immovable in their determination that the war must be carried on until a great decisive and complete victory is won."

Evidence is at hand that the rank-and-file will not accept the "liaison" makeshift. They are acting in the spirit of Local 637, AFL Painters, of Chicago, who petitioned Mr. Green to continue every effort for affiliation. Certainly the CIO's 5,000,000 will reject this mockery of "unity." This is augured by the request of George F. Addes, secretary-treasurer of the United Automobile Workers, that President Roosevelt sponsor a conference in Washington of labor representatives from all the United Nations. Mr. Addes sees such a meeting as the basis for strengthening the war effort as well as for "winning the peace." He is unquestionably right: labor is the keystone of that international unity necessary to win the war and the peace and an Anglo-Soviet-American Trade Union Committee would be the keystone of world labor.

Worth Armies in the Field

THOUGH all America could not march in that silent parade in New York last week, the hearts of the overwhelming majority were with it. The Negro paraders marched through the streets to the beat of muffled drums, mourning their dead, murdered by Jim Crow. Their placards urged an end to all discriminatory practices—in the factories, in the army camps, in the schools. More: they demanded that the abhorrent poll tax—which disfranchises 4,000,000 Negroes (as well as 6,000,000 whites)—be ended, once and for all.

And they had reason to hope. Before this week is out it may well be that the Geyer anti-poll-tax bill will be forced out of committee where it has gathered dust for many months. Representative Rankin of Mississippi, one of the South's most virulent Negro-baiters, outdid himself last week in his disgusting filibuster against the soldier vote bill. He so succeeded in outraging his colleagues that thirty-four of them immediately signed the petition to bring the anti-poll-tax bill out on the floor for consideration. To date, 190 members of the House have signed the petition; only twenty-eight more names are needed.

Jim Crow would receive a deadly body blow if the poll-tax election laws were abolished. More that that, some 10,000,000 Negro and white voters could go to the polls this crucial November and vote for win-the-war legislators. The laggard and the appeaser could be thrown out of Congress and the shackles to maximum war effort would be removed.

The President's desire to end discrimination as avowed in his Fair Employment Practices Committee would be underscored: it would be impossible for a Governor Dixon of Alabama to flout the provisions of the FEPC as he did when he turned down an army order last week for 1,750,000 yards of cotton material because the government contract barred color discrimination. Hitler-admiring Governor Talmadge of Georgia would scarcely dare uphold police officials who assaulted the world famous Negro singer Roland Hayes. The enthusiasm of millions would well up, and opportunity would be afforded them to work at maximum for victory. Indeed, the passage of the Geyer anti-poll-tax bill would be worth armies in the field.

Good News

DESPITE the hesitations on the second front, the war took two big political steps forward last week in two different parts of the British empire: in India the Communist Party was declared legal; in Canada a committee of the House of Commons brought in a motion to lift the ban on the Canadian CP which, though tabled at this writing, cannot be avoided by the House.

The importance of these events for India is obvious. It comes at a moment when the deadlock between the Colonial Office and the All-India National Congress is still unbroken; the recognition of what the Communists of India will contribute to the mobilization of the people is a measure of how seriously the British government is mobilizing its resources for India's defense; at the same time it will certainly help strengthen the influence of left wing elements in the Congress Party for a satisfactory way out of the deadlock.

In Canada the Communists were a decisive force in bringing about a "yes" vote in the recent plebiscite, which released the Mackenzie King government from its previous promise not to conscript manpower for overseas service. In other words, although the Communists had been illegal since June 1940 and many prominent trade unionists were interned under the infamous Section 39 of the Defence of Canada Regulations, yet without the support of this party and its friends, the Mackenzie King government might not have been able to overcome opposition to the need for an all-out mobilization of Canada's forces. The result has been the recognition of the Party's indispensability to Canada's war effort.

Of course, there are still many contradictions in the Canadian picture. For example, only last week, a leading trade unionist and the Communist alderman in Winnipeg, J. B. Salsberg, was interned by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police—something which has literally shocked the whole country, since it came at the moment that legalization of the Party was under consideration. But the indignation at Salsberg's internment has had the effect of bringing even greater pressure upon Ottawa to revise and clarify its course toward Canada's anti-fascist forces. Americans will be waiting to see Canada follow the lead of India, and recognize those who are among its most reliable defenders.

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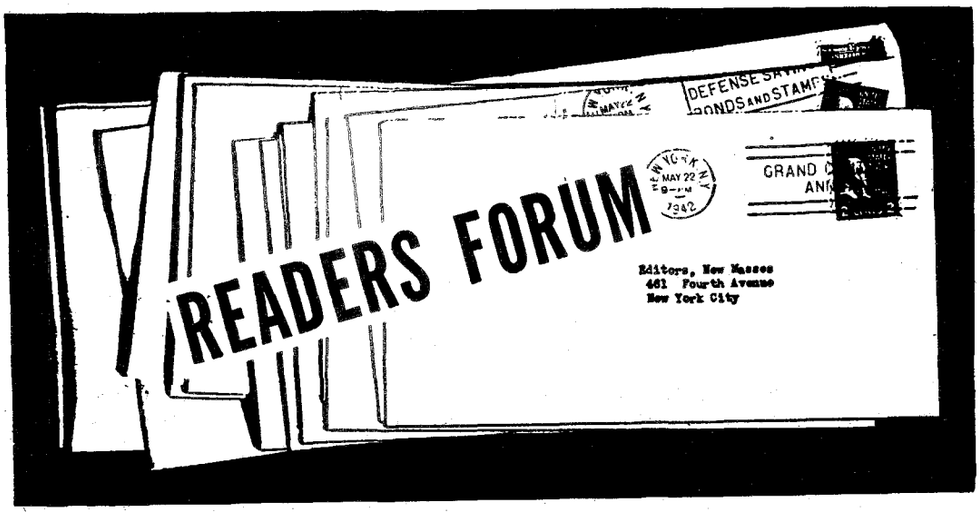

Attack Now

(Continued from page 5)

Carey McWilliams

(Commissioner of Immigration and Housing, Cal.)

I REGARD the opening of a second front now as an imperative necessity of the hour. I feel that every effort should be made to arouse a determined public opinion on this issue.

Stanley Nowak

(Michigan state senator)

THE advances made by the German army on the Eastern Front constitute a tremendous threat to the United Nations. Unless Hitler's army can be stopped the end of the war may be postponed for many years. The only immediate solution is a diversion of German forces which can be accomplished only by a United Nations attack in Western Europe. In the last world war when the German army was advancing into France and it appeared that the Allies would be unable to stop it, a few German divisions were withdrawn from the west to meet the advancing Russian army in the east. This diversion according to the German General Staff brought ultimate defeat of the German army in the west.

Everything must be done to divert the German army now. The opening of a Western Front immediately will save millions of lives and years of suffering.

Louis Bromfield

(Author of "Until the Day Break," etc)

I BELIEVE that a new front as quickly as possible is perhaps the most vital necessity of our American history and of the whole civilized world.

Lewis Merrill

(President, United Office and Professional Workers)

THE integrity and independence of all nations are dependent upon the outcome of the battle on the Eastern Front. That is why the opening of a second front is crucial to all people everywhere. It is more than a simple military question, important enough in itself. It is the heart of the fight against fascism. The fight for the second front now shapes all other questions which must be met to achieve victory. Likewise, neglect of the fight for a second front prevents the full solution to all other questions. Included are such currently vital problems as economic stabilization and the fight to secure a Win-the-War Congress which will back up the Commander-in-Chief. The appeasers, on the one hand, try to block in Congress the measures necessary to maximum military efficiency, and on the other, to make it seem that the second front is less than pressingly necessary. In both they have been successful in a measure. We cannot throw off this debilitating influence unless we squarely face our responsibilities. The chief task, our urgent task, in the war, and imperative to our full and final victory is the opening up of a second front now. By now I mean in time to help the counter-offensive of the Red Army. They fight for us. We must fight for ourselves, too. Our government says the way is through the opening of a second front, and to fail to do so and in time is to earn our own destruction.

The victories of the Axis imperil the fruits of all human achievement and the future of all mankind. There is only one victory that can bring peace and that is the victory of the United Nations. That victory depends on us, the people of the USA. Action today means more to our country and to the future world organization than anything we can do in the future. In this war, action depends on what the people do and on each individual who makes up the people. We as individuals cannot trifle with victory. We must work to win. We cannot trifle with the second front, essential to our victory. We must work to open it up now.

[Additional statements by prominent Americans will appear in next week's issue. NEW MASSES also invites letters from its readers on the need for opening a Western Front now.]

Discussion on Women

TO NEW MASSES: I have read Joy Davidman's excellent article, "Women: Hollywood Version," (July 14) to a small group of NEW MASSES devotees, and the ensuing discussion testified to the article's timeliness and interest.

Personally, my first reaction was that Miss Davidman had so clearly put the case of women basely depicted that I felt myself exonerated for so seldom sticking my neck out by going to the movies. Others present, however, more valiant than I, could speak from a wider range of experience. All were agreed that Joy Davidman was right in resenting Hollywood's general obtuseness to real-life conditions which fosters in children, youth, and adults a false attitude toward women. Some took exception to the box office as the "most obvious reason" for the exploitation of sex. I agree with them because of the phenomenal success of such films as *Grapes of Wrath, The Little Foxes, Juarez, How Green Was My Valley,* which I had seen, and others which I had not seen. True, these were not originally written for the screen but were made from already successful books.

One member of the group, who had intimate experience of Hollywood, reported that its studios were avidly searching for scripts regardless of "sex, glamour, and oomph," but that writers who can produce good scripts are few. However eager they are for scripts with a progressive outlook, the studios are so involved with contracts to supply the multitudinous movie theaters with changes of films that they have to pour out the same old trash in continuous stream.

My idea is that as long as film production is a competitive commercial venture we cannot expect a solution for the problem. We, as we individually can, must protest and educate, and encourage all attempts to deal with women as individuals in their own right. We must demand the rich drama of women as members of the vast laboring masses, of Negro women with their own tragic problems, of women in the various phases of the life all about us.

Only when the art of the cinema is the free expression of the people's creative urge, protected and fostered by their creative will, can we hope for it as a mighty force in education.

FERDINANDA W. REED.

Cape Cod, Mass.

Ballyhoo

TO NEW MASSES: Recently I've heard more and more of a nasty rumor that the advertising business is suffering because of "present conditions." I may say that I don't wonder and I shouldn't be at all surprised if it's true. Since December 7 the country has been flooded with disgusting attempts on the part of commercial advertisers to cash in on the war. We are told that "Flit Gives 'Em the Blitz," that to be patriotic we must smother sneezes with Kleenex in order to keep colds from spreading to defense workers. American energy is turning out bombers, battleships, tanks, and guns at full speed with the help of Pepsi-Cola. From twenty-five dollars nifty little gadgets and smart togs for air raid wardens may be had at any of the "better" department stores. Cosmetic manufacturers are having a whirl. Now, if never, women must be beautiful for the sake of everybody's morale, and there's more than a subtle implication that the competition's going to be tough, girls, you'd better get in at the start.

This kind of tripe is in the worst possible taste.

RUTH FULLER.

Milwaukee.

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BETWEEN THE LINES

Richard O. Boyer discusses the books of four war correspondents who warn that history does not wait. The expectation of a Western Front now and the paralysis of caution.

THESE four books*, in one way or another, emphasize the supreme question of the moment—the opening of a Western Front in Europe now. Three of the writers have witnessed Russia's epic defense and apparently realize in greater or lesser degree that if the Red Armies are defeated, the entire history of the world will be changed and that there will be no liberal or progressive anywhere, be he ever so mild, who will not personally feel the scourge of fascism. The fourth writer was in Germany during 1941 and implicit in every line of his volume, even when it is by indirection, is the great overwhelming fact that the Nazis know better than any that their knell will be sounded when they face a war on two fronts.

In these eyewitness stories there is all the fierce urgency of history moving at a pace too relentlessly swift to permit of mistakes, vacillations, hesitations, and doubts. There is only one currency that pays off today and that is offensive action. The tank resolves debate. The phrase-maker may find himself in a concentration camp; the hair-splitter before a Nazi firing squad, and the military expert who doubted the wisdom of a second front may suddenly find his words as irrelevant as if he had been writing of the defense of Carthage.

There are certain decisive moments in history when a book says more than is written in its lines. This is such a time and these volumes are such books. They do more than warn. They inspire. They do more than reveal the danger of tragic, overwhelming defeat. They show the way to victory. Not only do they indicate to the sensitive reader that the entire character of the war and the world might change if the Red Armies were defeated; that fascists and semi-fascists the world over in every country would have a sudden accession of power and influence; that the danger of a reactionary negotiated peace would be real and menacing. In describing the mobilization of the Russian people, in recounting the feats of Russian labor, and the Russian guerrilla, in revealing the rallying of Russian writers, musicians, teachers, women, children, and farmers, three of these volumes furnish signposts to victory. And all of them attest that this is the moment for *action*. All reveal, in describing how the Russians again and again have accomplished the apparently impossible, that the strong can take a dangerous moment in history and transform its danger into victory. Each book contains a moral that can only be ignored at deadly peril and that moral is: If every American anti-fascist *acts now* there will be a second front and there will be victory.

A MANIFESTATION of the speed of history is contained in Quentin Reynolds' *Only the Stars Are Neutral*. Reynolds' book is warm, generous, colorful, and in its pages he explodes some of the hoariest lies that have been retailed about the Soviet Union. Only yesterday the lies were taken for fact by millions. Today their very exposure seems a little dated. Now only inveterate disrupters believe, or pretend to believe, that Communism and Nazism are equivalents. It is a hard-shelled conservative indeed who does not admit that the sole objective of the Soviet regime, whether or not he agrees with its methods, is to increase human happiness. Reynolds, for example, writes:

"The longer I stayed in Russia, the more I realized the terrific misconceptions we in America and Britain hold in regard to the Soviet Union. . . . There was no anti-religion in Russia that I ever saw. . . . Had any of us ever troubled to read the Soviet Constitution (as vigorously upheld as our own) we might have got the true picture of religion in the Soviet Union. . . . I mentally apologized as a Catholic for the things I've thought about Russia's attitude toward religion. I began to wonder while I was in Moscow about the many Senate investigations into Soviet propaganda we have had in Washington these past few years and the thought struck me that perhaps the time and money expended upon those investigations might perhaps have better been spent in the investigation of anti-Soviet propaganda in our country."

And again he writes, "It is impossible to live in Moscow long without coming to love the people of Russia. They are decent, homeloving people, and you could take a slice of them and drop them into our Midwest, and within a few weeks you wouldn't be able to distinguish them from our own decent, lawabiding citizens. I hadn't been in Russia long before I found out they were our kind of people. The other American and British correspondents felt as I did."

Implicit in Reynolds' whole book is the expectation of a second front. He tells of Soviet citizens asking when one will be formed and on one occasion says—the time is the fall of 1941—that he does not understand why one has not come into being. His recent piece in *Collier's*, therefore, *Second Thoughts on a Second Front*, is doubly disappointing. It is undoubtedly a reflection of the views of those vacillating elements in American life who possess a paralysis—they call it caution—somewhat akin to that which resulted in the fall of France. There are some who cannot dare win, not because they love their country less but because they hate Russia more. This hate is doubly dangerous when it is subconscious, buried deep in the spirit and in the current good form that quite properly frowns at speaking ill of allies. But such good feeling must be more than formal. When it is only that, a negative attitude results, which if unchecked might end in defeat. I venture to predict, however, that as pressure for a second front continues to pyramid, Quentin Reynolds will be back in the fold of those who know that you cannot wait on fascism without imperiling the life of these United States.

"MOSCOW WAR DIARY" by Alexander Werth, a British newspaperman, is explicit and eloquent in its demand for a second front. It was written early in 1942 when the situation, dire as it was, did not equal the crisis of the present moment. A seasoned observer, perhaps more politically literate than the amiable Reynolds, Werth speaks Russian as well as he speaks English and because of this fact had a considerable advantage over his colleagues. After describing the immense, all-pervasive, all-embracing effort of the Russian people, he says in the concluding passages of his book:

"Russia is fighting the most crucial battle against the only Axis partner who counts. When Germany is beaten, neither Italy nor Japan will matter for another day. . . . Germany is Enemy Number One just as much to America as she is to Britain and Russia. . . . It may save Britain and America two to three or five years of war and millions of lives if they help the Russians to win the land war against Germany in 1942. It is unhealthy to hear the Russians say, as Yaroslavsky has already said, that 'the people of the Soviet Union have been fighting the German war machine for five and a half months without any help whatsoever.' Pending an invasion of

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* ONLY THE STARS ARE NEUTRAL, *by Quentin Reynolds. Random House. $2.50.*
RUSSIANS DON'T SURRENDER, *by Alexander Poliakov. Dutton. $2.50*
MOSCOW WAR DIARY, *by Alexander Werth. Knopf. $3.*
ASSIGNMENT TO BERLIN, *by Harry W. Flannery. Knopf. $3.*

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the Continent from the west, we should keep the German coastline in the west in a constant state of alert." And more than seven months have elapsed since Yaroslavsky issued one of many urgent appeals!

FLANNERY'S book, a careful, rather pedestrian affair, reveals the German people's fear of a second front. He insists, however, as have almost all writing on the same subject, that the German people will not revolt until the German army has suffered decisive military defeats. Perhaps the most hard-hitting writing in this quartet of books is that by Pierre van Paassen in the introduction to *Russians Don't Surrender,* by Alexander Poliakov. The following passage is peculiarly relevant to the present moment:

"It can never be sufficiently repeated that France did not go down because of an insufficiency or an inferiority of war material, or because the military situation was hopeless from the beginning. France succumbed because, as the Commander-in-Chief Maxime Weygand, himself, has said: If France had resisted victoriously there would have been danger of a German defeat and the probable consequent triumph of democracy in the Reich. This he considered 'the greatest calamity imaginable.' The leaders of France were not afraid of defeat. They were afraid of victory. Thierry Maulnier, a prominent author who writes with the full authority of the Vichy clique, has blown the gaff most effectively in a recently published book on the so-called *Battle of France.* He says that a victory of French arms 'would not have been so much a victory for France as for those principles which lead directly to the ruin of France and to the ruin of civilization itself'; that is, democratic principles. There you have the secret of the French defeat, which so many commentators and observers and analysts managed so carefully to hide from the American people, or to obscure by throwing the blame on the Popular Front. . . . Like France, Holland had her Quislings, as did Norway and Belgium and Poland and Yugoslavia and Greece. Only Russia had no Quislings. . . . In Russia the treasonable clique had been deprived of the power and opportunity to betray long before the onslaught came. . . ."

Van Paassen describes *Russians Don't Surrender* as "more than literature. It is also more than just a human document. It is the voice of the Soviets' Unknown Soldier . . . fighting stubbornly against Hitler's perfectly equipped bandits and battling exultantly for his national freedom." Poliakov, who is a soldier as well as a war correspondent, a commissioned officer as well as a journalist, describes in his day-to-day notations the epic struggle of a Red Army unit (cut off, surrounded, and behind the German lines) in fighting its way back to the Soviet armies. It is a story of incredible ingenuity, of indomitable will, of daring improvisation. The military men it describes are not bound by military tradition. They fight neither by textbook nor by rote. Military science is used as a foundation upon which to build and not as a straitjacket. Poliakov's unpretentious, detailed diary amply bears out its title. Although the position of his unit was hopeless, according to every military tenet, the thought of surrender does not seem to have even occurred to any of its members. The book, moreover, indicates that the American Army, as Samuel Sillen has suggested, could well follow the example of the Soviet Union and incorporate soldier-correspondents in its own ranks. In addition Poliakov's diary reveals the powerful stimulus afforded the Red Army by officers whose duty it is to regularly explain the shifting political background from which the war stems. A soldier needs understanding as well as bullets, belief as well as food. If a man may be required to give his life he must deeply believe and deeply understand the cause for which he fights.

VAN PAASSEN'S introduction, and the books by Reynolds and Werth, belong to that very healthy school of writing initiated by Ambassador Davies, which insists that the Soviet Union has been right all along. The members of this school are not Communists or even Marxists, yet they declare that Russia was right about its treason trials; right about Spain; right about Austria and Czechoslovakia; right in advocating the collective security that might have averted the present war; right in believing that the policy of Daladier and Chamberlain was to turn the Nazis to the east against the Soviet Union which was thus forced into a non-aggression pact. There are even an increasing number who declare that in Finland the "wrong war" was almost turned into the "right one" in which Nazis and democrats were to become allies against the Soviet Union. Scores of Americans who excoriated Russia in 1940 now ask for an American declaration of war against Finland.

There is no point in raking up the past save as a guide to the future. In this supreme moment of peril it is almost irrelevant as to who was right and who was wrong except as that fact indicates a path that may turn peril into victory. But it is worth remembering that if Russia was right in the past, she may be right now. And now—*now*—the Soviet Union with all the force at its command pleads for a second front which it declares is the only means of saving the United Nations and saving the world.

Perhaps by the time this appears in print there will be a second front. Then our job is to maintain it and back it until it results in victory. If such a front has not materialized when this is published, then we must increase our efforts to whatever point is necessary to gain one. For if these books show anything, they reveal that history does not wait—and that victory will reward the strong and brave.

RICHARD O. BOYER.

History Distorted

THE COMING OF THE CIVIL WAR, *by Avery Craven. Scribner's. $3.*

PROFESSOR CRAVEN'S thesis boils down to the assertion that the American Civil War was a totally irrational, useless tragedy, precipitated by the aggressive and vicious fanaticism of the Abolitionists. A crude attempt is made by the author to maintain some semblance of objectivity or neutrality by the insertion of sentences like: "Each side fought

Quentin Reynolds

Alexander Werth

Harry W. Flannery

Alexander Poliakov

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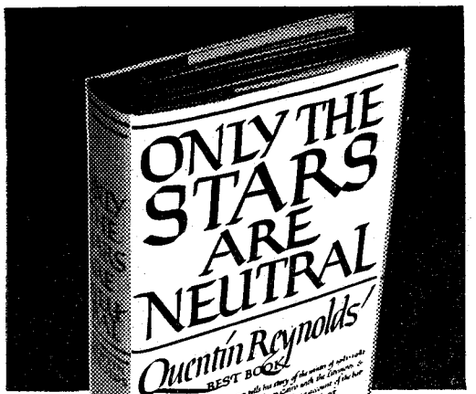

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against mythical devils. Each struggled for honor, for civilization, for high principles, and for the glory of God." But, of course, in basic struggles like our own Civil War, neutrality is impossible. Objectively considered, to be neutral is to favor the slaveholder's side.

Craven's work, however, goes further than mere implication in its support of the bourbons. It shows no awareness of the character of the greatest single dynamic force in nineteenth century America—industrial capitalism—and only a hopelessly distorted view of the greatest reactionary force in that America —Negro slavery. To the author the latter system provided an excellent solution for the needs of any society. Stability and contentment were characteristic, with sufficient food, clothing, and housing for all, while the slave, if he worried at all, worried only about the soil and the weather.

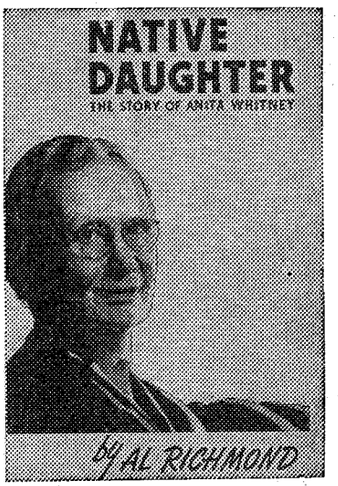
It is, as a matter of fact, impossible to distinguish between Craven's summary of the pro-slavery argument as enunciated by its expounders and his own opinions about the institution. This is caused not by ambiguity but by kinship. Both accounts are, of course, filled with half truths, and whole fallacies, proven such by innumerable firsthand witnesses ranging from plantation diaries, southern newspapers, court records, runaway slave accounts, and travelers' reports, to the public admissions of slaveholders like Moncure Conway and Mrs. James Madison.

Since Mr. Craven could not find such evidence, it need not surprise us to discover that he feels the Dred Scott decision "contained little to excite public passions," though it "constituted a body blow at popular sovereignty"! Nor need we be surprised to learn that Charles Sumner really feigned illness after Brooks clubbed him into unconsciousness, since this "fact" is based upon the assertion of a southern doctor as printed in the impartial Richmond *Enquirer*. And, naturally, the "justice of [John Q. Adams' struggle for the right of petition] is rather "doubtful," while the "viciousness" of John Brown is perfectly apparent. But perhaps one may be permitted to raise his eyebrow upon reading that "Lincoln and [the Copperhead] Vallandigham were never far apart in objectives." And what shall one say when he is informed that polemicists for the slaveocracy, like Thomas R. Dew and E. C. Holland, produced "thorough well-reasoned, straightforward statements of fact," while a mere politician like Abraham Lincoln "simply did not understand the situation"?

Mr. Craven feels that men and women like Adams, Lincoln, Douglass, Tubman, Mott "can expect only an unsympathetic hearing from the future." This may be true if the future is controlled by men like Jefferson Davis or Avery Craven. But, of course, it will not be. Mr. Craven is no better as a prophet than this work makes him out to be as an historian.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR!



"Native Daughter" is vivid panorama of the stirring events of half a century during which Anita Whitney's life and activity unfolded like a flower. Along with "Mother" Ella Reeve Bloor's "We Are Many," William Z. Foster's "Pages from a Worker's Life," and "Bill Haywood's Book," Al Richmond's work "Native Daughter" takes its place as a valuable and moving story of the development of the American struggle for a better life for its people, and the story of how that movement brings forth its own great leaders.

—HARRISON GEORGE, *Editor*
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Chaos in Ivory

CLARK GIFFORD'S BODY, *by Kenneth Fearing. Random House. $2.50.*

"CLARK GIFFORD'S BODY" is not subtitled *J. Alfred Prufrock Considers the War,* but it might just as well be.

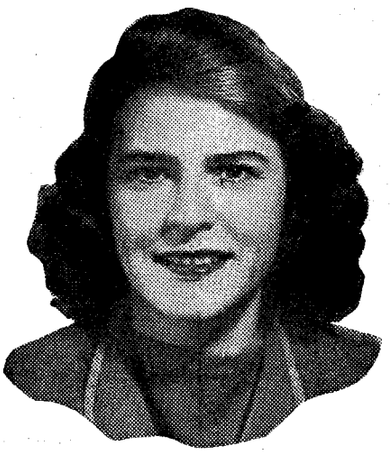
Mr. Fearing never names the country where his story takes place, but the cultural patterns are like those of the United States, if you limit that country to what you read in the papers. At the time of the main events, the government has been taken over by a wishy-washy Coalition administration, which cannot get together with itself either to prosecute the war or to govern the country, and it satisfies neither the fascists nor the progressives. In the midst of this muddle, Col. Clark Gifford, head of the Committee for Action, captures a number of radio stations and calls on the people to unite for victory, security, and peace. Although he is captured and executed, his call arouses such a response that the Amendment Party, successor to the Action Committee, is swept into office at the next election and does eventually finish the war with victory, in spite of having at the same time to fight a civil war started by General Esteven and the other domestic fascists.

It is in the human interest part of the novel, however, that Mr. Fearing's Hollow Men qualities show up most strongly. All the recurring characters hang out in Marty Fenchon's bar, drawn together, apparently, by a lack of any recognizable tie with society. None of them seems to have a home, a wife, children, ideas, a best girl, or even a job that means anything to him. There are radio engineers, including Arch Danton, who sold out Gifford; Mary Rayhill, a singer and Marty's mistress; Ernie, the waiter; Marty himself, a practical guy who believes in giving people what they want and who takes up smuggling when the restrictions get stiff; Eddy, who ran Marty's truck fleet.

It is Eddy who has the major role in the particularly horrible climax when the contraband truck fleet tries to cross the vast plain of a battlefield, littered with corpses and mechanical remains. Maps are no good, because all the landmarks have been blown away. A compass is no good, because there's so much steel around. All that remains is the illegal lobster, caviar, and champagne in the trucks. And then, these men have been exposed for so long to complete social disintegration, that they start a fight among themselves.

Mr. Fearing tells his tale in a series of news flashes and first-person narratives that jumble time, space, and events into an almost senseless confusion, and it seems indeed that it is this chaotic viewpoint that the novel attempts to present. In those terms it is a successful book: it presents entirely too ably a picture of disruption, despair, and futility, with neither side as better or worse than the other.

The result, of course, is horrible. Seen from the ivory tower of those who will still



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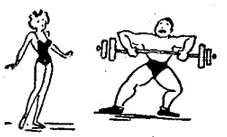

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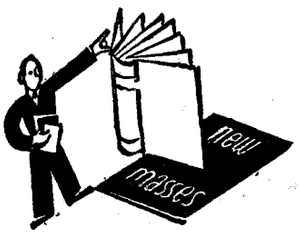

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neither understand nor cooperate, the war becomes a meaningless morass of pain, cruelty, fanaticism, and death, which no sane person—and herein lies the morale-sapping danger of *Clark Gifford's Body*—would do anything but flee from.

SALLY ALFORD.

Pacific Foe

JAPAN'S INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH, *by Kate L. Mitchell. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.*

THE JAPANESE ENEMY, *by Hugh Byas. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.25.*

MISS MITCHELL'S book is a real contribution to the dissemination of the facts relating to the economic situation and policies of the Japanese empire. Completed just before Pearl Harbor, it nevertheless is oriented toward the anti-Axis world struggle.

The uneven technical development of Japanese industry, in which domestic handicrafts and small workshops survive in many lines at the same time with modern factory industry in others, is brought out through many tables showing the production, imports, exports, and financial holdings in the recent period of imperialist expansion. Japan, seeking by rapid industrialization self-sufficiency in munitions, metallurgy, and related industry, has aggravated her dependence upon foreign sources for machinery and supplies.

More than half the text is devoted to the policy followed by Japan in her dependencies. The typical policy of colonial exploitation practiced in Formosa and Korea is fully described. In Manchuria, however, the author shows how an attempt at basic industrialization was made by the semi-independent Kwantung Army and its financial allies, an unorthodox procedure motivated by the desire of the army for a base of supplies on the continent and by the effort of the newer monied houses to break into the monopoly of the "big four," which in the home country was impregnable. Apparently this attempt has now been abandoned on account of the curtailment of supplies since 1939 in Europe and 1941 in the United States and the early refusal and later inability of Japanese home industry to supply the equipment required.

MR. BYAS, in *The Japanese Enemy,* undertakes to demonstrate that the "present troubles" were not caused by "economic and strategic factors" but rather by "the national faith which worships the Japanese state and regards its head as divine." He shows that Japan did not "need" to bring foreign countries under its control but he does not say whom he means by "Japan."

Working wholly from the angle of "psychology," Mr. Byas himself becomes enmeshed in tangled ideology. Thus we are told that the Japanese army has been "corrupted" over a long period and the navy over a shorter time until now they are "Nazi" and that the

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"influence of Marxism" is back of this "corruption." His evidence of Marxist infiltration among the Japanese upper classes is the currency of Mussolini's phrase, "proletarian nations."

Mr. Byas believes that the Japanese war lords were completely convinced that they would win but that they were mistaken because they did not understand American psychology and technical skill. In one chapter title he raises the question "How Strong is Japan?" and devotes the whole chapter to other topics. His last chapter is entitled "How Can We Defeat Japan?" His only answer to this is that the American, British, and Dutch General Staffs will figure it out. He cautions against regarding the Chinese as having any serious contribution to make and disregards Russia completely.

Mr. Byas has spent many years in Japan. His speculative ramblings bring out clearly how little can be learned from direct contact with a foreign culture when the observer lacks an adequate background of accurate social facts and of meaningful social theory.

JOHN BURNS.

Eloquent Contribution

THOMAS JEFFERSON: WORLD CITIZEN, *by Sen. Elbert D. Thomas. Modern Age. $2.75.*

THIS is the Memorial Edition less one year of the 200th anniversary of the birth of Jefferson. It is not a life of the man; nor does it attempt to describe his physical and psychological aspects, his accomplishments as a scholar, architect, inventor, and agronomist; nor does it place him particularly within the context of his time. The senior senator from Utah, long a student and exemplifier of Jeffersonian democracy, has striven instead to compact the essence of Jefferson's political thought and conclusions in order to reveal him not only as one of America's founding fathers, but also as a world citizen, a founding father of the free state of all mankind. Jefferson, writing his own epitaph, and assessing his historic place, chose not to be remembered as an ambassador, a Secretary of State, a Vice-President of the infant Republic and twice its Chief of State: recognizing these as local and transitory honors without power to influence his largest and most passionate concern, the future happiness of mankind. Instead his gravestone reads: "Here lies Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, of the statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and the father of the University of Virginia." For him as well as for us, the paramount happiness of man, with all that it implies of total security, requires liberty, equality of opportunity, and a free education. Further it requires national self-determination and representative government.

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"WHAT I BELIEVE"—SHOSTAKOVICH

The great composer defines the place of the Soviet artist in the battle against the invader. . . . A review of his new symphony by Elliott Grennard.

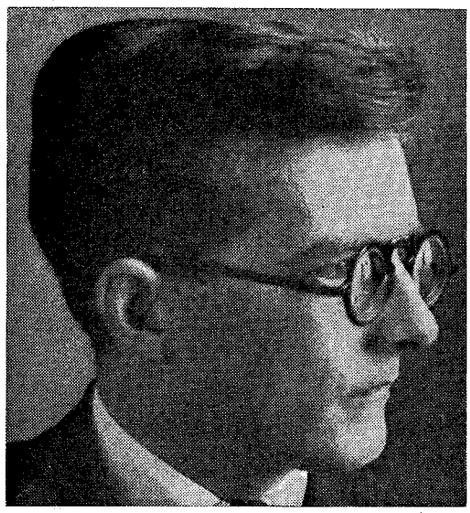
Moscow (by mail).

THE great patriotic war we are now conducting against German fascism, the most dangerous enemy mankind ever had, has served to unify and bring closer than ever before all the nations inhabiting the USSR.

The Russian people to which I belong were always distinguished by their undying interest in science, culture, and arts. We are proud of our science: it has contributed a great deal to human thought. We are proud of our literature: it has created heroes reflecting the entire development of human society. We are proud of our music and our arts: they gave the world works of inimitable strength and became some of the most precious contributions to the treasury of world culture. Pushkin, Leo Tolstoy, Tchaikowsky and Glinka, Moussorgsky and Repin, Pavlov and Setchenov—a whole Pleiad of magnificent creators in science and cultures—are all sons of my people. Suvorov and Kutuzov, two great military leaders who repeatedly vanquished the enemies of our country, glorified Russian arms and made famous the heroism of the common Russian soldier—all sons of my people. There is virtually no single sphere of culture, science, military arts in which my people have not contributed glorious pages and given mankind magnificent monuments.

The war forced upon us by the contemptible Nazis has aroused in our people not only wrath and hatred against the invaders. It has called forth a great upsurge of creative activity and kindled the flame of daring thought. Our people know no fear in this struggle. Thousands of heroes go into battle for our country and, without sparing their lives, fight with a courage and fearlessness that electrify the whole world. At the front, in advanced positions, and behind the fighting lines, the people of our country display not only the greatest moral stability, courage, and devotion, but also a tremendous force of creative spirit and constructive might. And this strength of theirs brings us the certainty that no matter what trials we may have to suffer, no matter what burdens of war may fall upon our shoulders, we will stand it all, fight, and overcome it all, and we will emerge victorious. The proud Russian people who never before surrendered will go through all the storms and trials of battle and will be victorious.

A creative people, a constructive people, a people of great natural shrewdness and perseverance is angry and has put the entire genius of its wisdom and all-penetrating inquisitiveness to work in the fight against the enemy. Upon us, art workers, children of our people, raised and nurtured by it, fall duties whose entire measure we have not as yet fully grasped. The word of the writer and publicist must become as hot as molten metal, as sharp as the warrior's sword, as well aimed as the shot of a sniper. The painter's picture must be as sincere and truthful as the conscience of any honest son of our people, as beautiful as only youth can be. Our composers' melodies must be as pure as the souls of our people raised on concepts of honor and nobility. By every means available to the artist, we must rouse in our people the spirit of faith in the triumph of their task, rouse their forces, and summon them to heroic achievements in battle and in labor.



Dmitri Shostakovich

The indispensable condition for the success of our workers in arts, workers small and great, known and unknown, lies in the indissoluble brotherly ties with our people. No artist can create anything of significance if he is isolated from the people, if he tries to escape the events of the day in some ivory tower. The artist thus isolated from the people, from their thoughts and dreams, hopes and aspirations, who escaped the stern facts of war, is inevitably condemned to creative stagnation, to a miserable existence. The artist dies as soon as he becomes an introvert.

THE great masters of culture whose names we honor, and whose thoughts have been for us a book of learning and great revelations, have always distinguished themselves by the fact that they knew their people, shared their joys and grief, felt their living impulses, and were always in the front ranks of all the people's struuggles. And they, these masters of word and brush, music and stage, loved their people, suffered with their agonies, wept with their tears, were stirred with their passions, and burned with their dreams and thoughts. Pushkin has no more remarkable pages than those in which he wrote of his love for country and people. Gogol, Tolstoy, Chekhov, Turgenev, have no more colorful pages than those in which they spoke of their compatriots, the Russian folk, the Russian people, the Russian soil. The works of the great Russian composer Glinka, that most modest of all great composers, were so closely linked with the creative efforts of the people that he used to say: "We do not create, the people create; we only record and arrange." The great lyricist and master of musical art thereby underscored his close ties with the Russian people and their magnificent wealth of creative effort.

And yet these ties do not signify that the artist simply borrowed from the creative genius of the people. For the composer, for example, it does not mean simple use of folklore. Tchaikowsky's great works—his Six Symphony, the Ballet Suites—"The Sleeping Beauty," "The Swan Lake," "The Nutcracker Suite," essentially do not contain any folklore. They were not borrowed from Russian folk songs. Yet they are deeply national works and we all accept them as such. To learn ceaselessly from the people, to grasp everything the people create, to be worthy of the time period in which we artists live—therein lies our task.

This war is a great and, I should say, general test for our artists, musicians, authors, scientists. Only those of strong spirit and courageous heart can pass this test with honor and good name. The war has imposed a great mission upon every one of us. There are not and there cannot be in our country any citizens aloof from this great struggle. "Everything for the front, everything for victory," is the slogan for men and women. The self-sacrifice of the workers, the hardest labor of the collective farmer, the persistence of the scientist, the courage of the constructor, the lyricism of the poet, the creative flight of the composer—all must be consecrated and freely given, to the last drop, to our sacred aim for which we live and breathe, for our victory.

The future historian of our days will note one special circumstance: in a country engaged in fierce struggle against a deadly

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enemy, fighting on land, in the air, and on water, for its freedom and independence, putting forth the greatest efforts of all of its citizens, the life of science, art, and culture did not slow up, did not quiet down. On the contrary, the patriotic upsurge enveloping the peoples of the Soviet Union became a remarkable soil in which, during these days of war, rise ever newer achievements in art. Our theatres work a great deal, produce new plays, work out new characters, and awaken in our people noble and heroic sentiments. Along with the presentation of new works, we continue carefully and painstakingly the presentation of the greatest creations of world art of the past. Our Philharmonic Orchestras are conducting their current concert season with great success. Our soloist musicians, with their deep understanding of the musical works, continue to make us composers happy. Our demanding Soviet audiences avidly continue to crowd our concerts and plays.

This fact, so remarkable and pleasing to us, is terrifying for the Hitlers and Goebbels. We can proclaim to the world that during these days of bloody battles and ceaseless thunder of guns, music never became silent in besieged Leningrad. Art, which in any other country would have had to step aside at such times and find shelter in the quiet zones far from the fighting lines, became in our country a new type of armament striking the enemy. The people of our heroic cities, our great fortresses, our hamlets and villages, find their spiritual stamina for struggle in the inspired sounds of symphonies and songs, marches and oratorios. Such facts must bring us, Soviet composers, not only a sense of great satisfaction, but a sense of great responsibility.

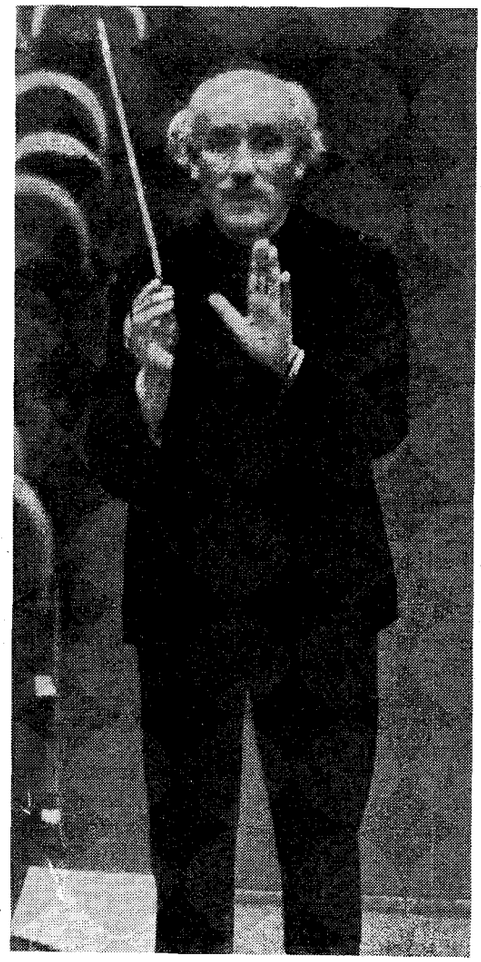
DURING the period of this patriotic war, our composers have created a whole series of interesting works. The composers know that every new work, if written by the hand of a man who loves his country and who has found the proper colors for the expression of his thoughts, is like a great salvo of fire at the enemy. While we love each other deeply, we demand at the same time a great deal from each other. And thus we find a great wealth and variety of types in our music, in all that we now write. From the simplest song to the great canvases of operatic and symphonic art, Soviet music performs a great and useful service to the country.

The task of our musical art consists in creating works consecrated to the preseent day and its great events. These works must be right up to the moment, sharp and exciting. But the timeliness of the theme does not mean that we may lower the standard demanded of the artistic content of the work. We must also create alongside the smaller works, great monumental pieces, great by their scale and magnificent by their content. We must learn from the great artists of the past how to serve our people in their hour of trials.

We have done a great deal of useful work, but we must do immeasurably more and better. We think too much of our future to stop at present achievements. A great writer was once asked, "Which one of your works do you consider the best?" To which he replied: "It hasn't been written yet." We must be eternally dissatisfied with our achievements, great as they may be. This is much better than complacence or boastfulness. For us, these achievements must become only the impetus to still greater achievements, more persistent labor, new creative flights.

WE SOVIET musicians are constantly searching for new style. We must continue to go further and further ahead, ceaselessly perfecting ourselves, never for a moment stopping, never for a moment forgetting that our art serves our people, is necessary for our people because it helps achieve victory.

We enjoy the greatest support of our state, we are surrounded by the care and love of the government and the people. We must justify the confidence reposed in us and the hopes placed on us. "Forward to new shores," said the great Russian composer Moussorgsky. "Forward to victory" is the slogan of Soviet musicians, the heirs and successors to the great traditions of world musical culture.



Arturo Toscanini, conductor of Shostakovich's symphony, wrote the composer that, "This glorious musical occasion guarantees the opening of new cultural relations between the United States and the USSR, just as the recent historic agreement between our respective governments for the speedy opening of a second front guarantees victory over fascist barbarism this year."

In "Mozart and Salieri," Pushkin ascribes the following thought to Mozart: "Genius and villainy, the two are incompatible." Whenever I recollect this sentence I think of the fate of Soviet culture, Soviet art, Soviet music. Our art is armed with the most humanitarian and advanced ideas. Its banners are inscribed with words full of burning love for our country, deep faith in humanism, intellect, and light. These noble ideas, which have inspired all thinking mankind in all periods of history, will help us to create works worthily reflecting our epoch.

The war which we are now conducting against Hitlerism is the war of humanism against hatred of mankind, culture against barbarism, light against darkness, justice against falsehood and faithlessness. All these great and high concepts rule the thoughts of Soviet people, among whom are those who have chosen the arts as their life work. And they are working hard for the glory of their country. This work is succeeding. We hear its echoes in the thunder of artillery music accompanying our fighting battalions. We see its reflections in the land recaptured from the enemy and returned to our country. And it is this labor, the labor of the worker and the peasant, the engineer and the artist, the teacher and the composer, multiplied by the bravery and the courage of the warrior, that will bring us final victory.

DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH.

Shostakovich's Music

A great work reflecting the heroism of the Soviet people.

NEVER in the annals of music history has a work of art attracted more attention, aroused more anticipation, or carried a greater message than has Shostakovich's Seventh. The symphony is beautiful, thrilling, inspired. It must be heard by everyone who has faith and belief in his fellow man, by everyone everywhere who needs courage to steel him for the fight that must be won. Words can hardly describe the beauty and nobility of the music; they can only hint at the emotional impact received at hearing its great message.

Shostakovich has provided a programmatic note which states, sketchily, his intentions in writing his symphony. It is unnecessary; his music unfolds his intentions, his dreams, his love, his faith. The musical expressions he used are simple and direct. A straightforward melody, disdaining ornamentation or complicating counter-rhythms, announces the statement of his theme: the first awareness by a country at peace that war is upon it. There is not a single note of panic, none of hysteria. Only a sober realization of what the coming of war means.

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gins as a martial air played by violins over faint percussion emerges in an ever broadening and lengthening line—strings, woodwind, brasses, and more brasses entering the orchestration in a series of lifts and shocks—until it is the music of a thousand voices singing in unison, a million feet marching in step. Then a musical flashback to a country diverted from its peace-time planning to a mobilization of its forces for the waging of total war; and the monumental first movement ends with a brief, purposeful restatement of its martial theme.

The second movement is described by the composer as: "Rather an elaborate lyrical episode. It brings back pleasant memories of happy days. There is a wistful hint of sadness about the entire movement." Listen to the strings soar in melody, the reeds sombre in reflection of the good things of Soviet life —the building of a future that brings with it security, peace, culture. The music is lyrical with the serenity born of knowing the hearts of his countrymen and the aims of his country. A "hint of sadness" that is expressed not in sentimentality but in anger. And always the purposeful determination. The knowledge of what must be done.

The Andante Movement is described simply as: "A Hymn of Life, an ode to nature." This presents the most difficulty to the listener, and perhaps to the composer as well. To express in music the life and land of 180,000,000 people, is a task not easily achieved. Perhaps it is this third movement which, when fully comprehended, will offer its future listeners their greatest reward.

If, as Shostakovich puts it: "The first movement symbolizes the struggle; the fourth movement heralds the approaching victory," it is in the finale that we find the apotheosis of the entire symphony. Here the full complement of the orchestra is employed to express the indomitable force of Soviet power and to herald its ultimate triumph in tremendous strokes of orchestral color.

THIS is the story the music tells and it is told without screeching, piteous wails of self-commiseration, boastfulness. The story is told as surely as if it were in words instead of music. But in no way can the music be described as "interpretive," "impressionistic," or "realistic." You understand what is being said because it is the voice of the Soviet Union, its people and its leaders, singing through Dmitri Shostakovich.

It is only fitting that the distinction of introducing to America the greatest anti-fascist music composed to date should fall to the man who, in his native Italy, defied Mussolini by refusing to play the Italian fascist theme song, and canceled an engagement at Bayreuth because the music festival had come under Nazi domination. That this was no ordinary occasion to Arturo Toscanini is a matter of record. He absorbed the contents of the score upon its arrival and declared it: "Inspiring." And to Shostakovich went his cable: "Greetings to you and our brave Soviet Ally from the NBC orchestra and myself now rehearsing your magnificent Seventh Symphony. This glorious musical occasion guarantees the opening of new cultural relations between the United States and the USSR, just as the recent historic agreement between our respective governments for the speedy opening of a second front in Europe guarantees victory over fascist barbarism this year."

Toscanini in turn received greetings from Shostakovich: "My music is a weapon and I have endeavored to vest my symphony with those feelings which grip our people. . . . I am confident that with your consummate talent and superlative skill you will convey to the public of democratic America the concepts which I have endeavored to embody in the work." That Toscanini conveyed to the people of America those "concepts" is likewise a matter of record.

Without mannerisms, without tricks, Toscanini communicated the composer's musical message in unequivocal terms. For him (as he informed the members of his orchestra during rehearsals) the music was: "Very simple . . . very beautiful. . . . The climax, it must be *terrible*!" When the public performance was completed and the studio rang with cries of "Toscanini! . . . Toscanini!," the maestro murmured in answer: "Not Toscanini. Shostakovich."

ELLIOTT GRENNARD.

Life As It Is

The film adaptation of Ellen Glasgow's novel.

OUT of Ellen Glasgow's Pulitzer Prize winning novel, Warner Brothers have made a film that does honor to America, to the ideals for which we are fighting this war, and to their studio. For *In This Our Life*—disregarding for the moment its rather serious defects—is practically the first film that has portrayed the Negro people in America as they actually live and struggle in the southern states of our democracy. For this achievement alone the film deserves all the support that can be given it, and unstinted credit must be given as well to the author of the screen play, Howard Koch, and to the brothers Warner for possessing the courage to make this adaptation of Miss Glasgow's novel.

The entire action of the film hinges finally around its climax—the false accusation made by the heroine (Bette Davis) against a young Negro law student (Ernest Anderson). Stanley Timberlake (Miss Davis) has climaxed a young lifetime of selfishness, malevolence, and fraud by hit-and-run accident in which she kills a small child and gravely injures the child's mother. In panic she accuses the young Negro law student, who picks up a meager living by washing her car.

The handling of the Negro-white relationships throughout the film is self-respecting, courageous, and thoroughly honest. Ernest Anderson and his mother, Hattie McDaniel, are portrayed as intelligent, hard-working

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people with the essential dignity that is common to most humanity, whatever its national origin or color. *In This Our Life* reveals the nature of the vicious discrimination that is euphemistically termed "race relationships." It proves that a Negro boy in the South cannot get anything but the most menial jobs. It demonstrates that even simple justice is denied him if he is accused by a white person—that his word against the word of the white man is simply not believed. It is a shameful and momentous truth that until Lillian Hellman's play *The Little Foxes* appeared on the screen, no Negro character had ever been shown in his true perspective in American film theaters. *In This Our Life* picks up where *The Little Foxes* left off, and carries the portraiture an epochal step forward.

On the debit side of the film—as narrative—we are never given the background that is necessary to understand a character such as Stanley Timberlake. As shown, she is merely a spoiled child who will stop at no infamy to get her own way. She runs out on her fiance, Craig Fleming; she steals her sister's husband, marries him, and drives him to suicide. She then returns to find that her sister and her former fiance are engaged, and attempts to win him back. I understand that in the novel some motivation for her character was supplied, but this motivation has not been carried over into the film. She is merely a thoroughly rotten individual.

Better understood is Craig Fleming, a lawyer who specializes in civil liberty cases. What is more, Fleming is an incorruptible attorney; he will not be bought out by Stanley's rich uncle, William Fitzroy, and it is he who forces Stanley's final confession of guilt in the auto accident. It is he who gives the Negro boy his chance to study law; who comes to his defense despite a persistent attachment to his former fiance who has accused the boy.

Little is spared in this film to demonstrate the nature of the anti-social William Fitzroy who, like his niece, "gets what he wants." He is corrupt, selfish, the archetype of the rich bourgeois who did not hesitate to mulct his sister's easy-going husband. His end, like the end of his niece, is inevitable, and while you can hate his guts you can also pity him.

And this is, in a sense, *The Little Foxes* in reverse; for where the "foxes" prospered no matter what their infamy and exploitation of their fellow man, William Fitzroy and his feminine counterpart are finally defeated by the people they despise as "soft" and lacking in character: the Negro youth and his mother, the civil liberties attorney, the decent sister of this new "Jezebel" of Miss Davis'.

Despite the handicap of an absent motivation, Miss Davis has managed to supply a fairly credible characterization. As her sister Olivia de Havilland plays with sincerity and intelligence. Hattie McDaniel and Ernest Anderson have achieved performances that are models of simple dignity and understatement. The direction, by John Huston, is terse, economical, and imaginative.

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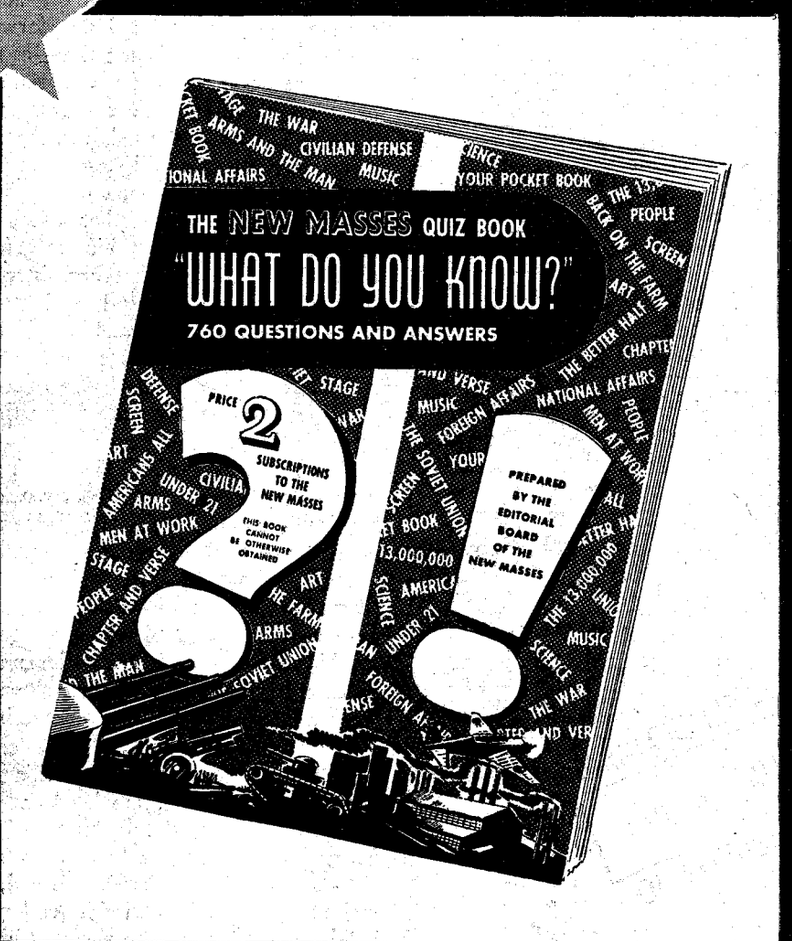
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